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Fifty Cents

The Great Disillusion

Harry C. Eastman and Stefan Stykolt

► THE LEADERS OF the Progressive Conservative Party have been fearlessly walking the Commonwealth trade plank for so long that they were hurt and dismayed when they came to the end of it. Of all the electioneering proposals of the Conservatives, the undertaking to increase Canada's trade with the Commonwealth has been given most prominence since June. During the Prime Minister's post-election visit to London, his frank advocacy of a Commonwealth Trade Conference elicited little enthusiasm from his fellow prime ministers and embarrassed his hosts who were at the time engaged in the difficult task of obtaining public support in the United Kingdom for closer trade relations with the proposed European Customs Union. Mr. Diefenbaker put forward his ambitious goal precisely: he urged that 15 per cent of Canada's total trade be redirected from the United States to the Commonwealth.

Did Mr. Fleming, the Minister of Finance who took over from the Prime Minister the delicate problem of devising measures to reach this goal, intend anything more than to induce by exhortation a spontaneous diversion of private transactions by businessmen away from the present pattern of trade which is presumably the most profitable one? He gave no indication that he contemplated more forceful steps despite the keen interest of the Canadian press and public, of Mr. Menzies, the Australian Prime Minister, and of the Commonwealth Ministers of Finance gathered at Mt. Tremblant.

Mr. Thorneycroft, the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, took the initiative with his proposal for a gradual abolition of tariffs between Canada and the United Kingdom. This bold stroke was doubtless intended to break the *impasse* created by the Canadian scheme, which was both persistently advocated and insubstantial, but which, nevertheless, appealed strongly to that section of the British Tory party more anxious for Commonwealth than for Continental ties. Though forewarned the Canadian government was unprepared to consider the British plan constructively.

What, then, were the reasons for the desire to increase Commonwealth trade? It cannot be, in the face of ten years of experience to the contrary, that the government thought that the control-ridden markets of the sterling area are more stable than those of the United States. Is it likely that the responsible ministers have so misunderstood the causes of the over-all trade deficit as to believe that it can be reduced by shifting trade from the United States to the United Kingdom? Surely it is generally known that the deficit is merely the counterpart of foreign investment which has contributed so much to the high rate of growth of the Canadian economy. To reduce the deficit and the flow of capital which finances it, the Minister of Finance could have taken steps to reduce interest rates, thus fulfilling at

one stroke two election promises. Yet little has been heard since June of the undertaking to lower interest rates.

Perhaps the political necessity of disposing of surplus wheat by a seemingly commercial arrangement is the reason for the insistence on Commonwealth trade. In this context trade would mean the exchange of wheat for unusable sterling balances.

Perhaps the government's real reason was to implement the often expressed wish to reduce our political dependence on the United States. If this is the case, presumably they feared the power of the United States to exert pressure on Canada by cutting off some import or export or threatening to do so. It is difficult to understand why it should be preferable to reduce deliberately such trade ourselves in anticipation of an inimical United States' action which may never materialize. The time to consider retaliation by redirecting our trade is after a threat has been made.

The statement issued at the end of the meeting of the joint Cabinet Committee on Trade and Economic Affairs in Washington indicated clearly that the representatives of the Canadian government did not intend to meet the cost which an assertion of independence requires. Quite to the contrary, they gave up all pretense of a change in policy. Trade policy is to follow the rules of non-discrimination laid down by G.A.T.T.; United States investment in Canada will continue to receive the friendliest treatment; and the *fait accompli* of American wheat give-aways is to be accepted. Like Carlyle's lady, the Canadian government is now prepared to accept the universe, and it received nothing in return for its obeisance.

This display of impotence has weakened Canadian prestige and influence in the United States. A sure indication of this was the intermittent attendance of top United States personages at the meetings in Washington, where the power

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Current Comment

The Queen and I

The visit of Her Majesty the Queen of Canada to her capital of Ottawa has reminded a number of her subjects of a fact they are apt to forget—that the nation to which they belong is a constitutional monarchy. It is a form of government stumbled on by the British after a few centuries of experiment and compromise, and which from habit and sentiment has persisted in some parts of the common law world. Legislators with tidy minds dislike it since it is difficult to fit into any logical system. But the truth is that habit and sentiment are more substantial human motives than logic, and, absurdly, just as many people have been free and happy under kings and queens as under flags and presidents.

Habit and sentiment then are our excuses for continuing the monarchy. There is another argument from psychology in its favor. Kings and queens are said to be powerful archetypes; fairy tales and myths are full of them: and so it is nice to have a real queen and be able to take her photograph. Queen Elizabeth is a pretty young woman with charming manners, and good clothes and jewelry, and a fair seat on a horse, and a handsome prince for a husband, and two healthy children. None of these things is true of President Eisenhower, and who could say of Khrushchev that his crowning glory is his hair? And if some impertinent English peer does not like his sovereign's accent, or the platitudes that drop so pat from her mouth, or the horsy friends that surround her, or the stuffy courtiers who see to it that her private life is dull enough to please the middle classes, well, what about the accents and the platitudes and the toadies and the domestic habits of the *elected* leaders of the British? As Matthew Arnold said of the Lake poets: what a set!

No one can deny that a monarchy is more fun than a republic. Republicans wear black—in mourning, says James Laver, for the sovereign they have murdered. They are dull people and their only entertainments are elections (in North America) and revolutions (in South America). Neither of these amusements go well on TV. Her Majesty's visit only serves to remind us of all the fun we have been missing. It is a sorry reflection that this was the first occasion on which a Canadian Parliament was opened by the Canadian sovereign in person. The truth is that Vice-Royalty is almost as dull as ungilded democracy. We have fooled ourselves into believing that we have a Queen whereas in fact what we have is Mr. Vincent Massey. And though if we are sensible we value him far above our politicians, he is not the sort of person to figure in myths or fairy tales. He does not wear a crown—the best he can manage is a hat stuck full of the feathers of exotic wild-fowl.

More seriously—how strong is the royalist habit and sentiment in Canada? It is not easy to judge. The royal visit was a great occasion for Ottawa, but in Edmonton a local football match commanded more attention. In Victoria, as usual, the maiden ladies in the lounge of the Empress Hotel dozed among the potted ferns to the extraordinary strains of Bach played *rubato* (and perhaps backwards) by William Tickle and his trio: but if they looked up from the tea things to gaze patriotically upon the portraits of royalty, it was upon the likenesses of King Edward the Seventh and dear Queen Alexandra. Subsequent members of the reigning house have yet to be drawn to their attention.

But there was no doubt about the excitement in Ontario. Various communities showed their loyalty by flying their favorite products to the capital. Toronto, aptly, sent drinking water. Someone else sent ten Indians, and another benefactor bestowed twenty-one wild ducks, (dead, presumably). A thousand reporters were in attendance to describe her Majesty's clothes and record her small talk. They also gave interesting details about the food consumed by the royal party. One cannot remember these details but the composite impression was of a meal consisting of maple leaf soup, roast pemmican, stuffed beaver tails, duff-baked apple pie, prairie oysters, etc. One can imagine the footman enquiring courteously whether Her Majesty desired a beverage now or later.

There is little to be said of the royal visit except below-stairs gossip of this sort. No doubt there are persons who like to think that it demonstrated the solidarity of the Commonwealth and the length and splendour of the tradition in which our liberties are rooted. But if one is to speak of the solidarity of the Commonwealth one has first to be persuaded that it exists as a serious subject for discussion.

The reason why a number of grave persons take the crown seriously is that it is the ideal of the middle class. The Queen is the one person free of the necessity to keep up with the Joneses. She has everything the middle class longs for—even to a residence in London. And if she is a philistine, so much



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the better. One can only quote the words of Queen Victoria as reported by the late Percy French:

'An' I tell you what,' sez she,
'They may talk a lot,' sez she,
'And them foreign baboons,' sez she,
'May draw their cartoons,' sez she,
'But what they can't draw,' sez she,
'Is the lion's claw,' sez she,
'And before our flag's furred,' sez she,
'We'll own the wurruld!' sez she.

KILDARE DOBBS.

The Bevan-Mugger

One might not normally link the names of Aneurin Bevan and Malcolm Muggeridge on the British scene. Certainly each has appeared in the past month in a way that would call for current comment. But, more than that, each has brought into focus the curiously similar and representative qualities that they both possess.

At the recent Labor Party conference, Bevan argued that Britain should not unilaterally abandon the H-bomb. Earlier he had defended the newly articulated policy of state participation and control through partial ownership, instead of the increasing nationalization of industry. Neither of these propositions is in line with the dominant political and emotional attitudes of those who had formerly been described, in a generic way, as Bevanites. It was a new role for this considerable politician. The kind of heckling he received was a sign of the independence and political courage with which he had made his moves. It showed, too, what integrity, ambition, responsibility and great talent can do to a man of great bitterness and belly-fire.

Bevan has zig-zagged his way to the steps of the Foreign Office from the pits of the Ebbw Vale coalfield. Malcolm Muggeridge has zig-zagged his way from a more protected upbringing through a lecturing and journalistic career in Cairo and Calcutta, Moscow and Washington, to the editorship of *Punch* and now to an unknown future — save that he is intent upon a biography of Orwell. The reason for current comment upon him is, of course, the substantial, forceful, ungracious and ill-timed indictment he made of British majesty and all its plays in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

What then have these two personalities in common? Can anything make them bedfellows? First of all, they both have become secure protesters on the social and political scene, protesting against what has been the basis of their own strength, Bevan against the revolutionary aspects of the party's platform to which he gave his name, Muggeridge against the Establishment in whose ethos his own exotic spirit has been allowed to flourish. They are neither young nor angry. Both are middle-aged men. Their tone is one not of anger but of sorrow, sorrow of a kind that is vigorous, provocative and unpopular with their own intellectual and social kin. They are both cerebral by nature and exhibitionist in their ways. In the mass media age, they have become articulate purveyors of ideas that interest, absorb, maybe even repel, the millions. But, most important of all, they have moved into positions of comparative isolation from the groups in which their ascendancy and fame were secured. It remains to be seen whether they will have the same isolation from the larger audience with whom they have been making increasingly effective contact. They have both, in a sense, taken a chance. Established popularity has been eschewed in order that they can put their weight behind attitudes and ideas which they believe to be important and necessary.

Bevan moves in a dramatic way to show that the welfare state can be responsible and accommodating in a global sense and in the setting of large alliances. Muggeridge moves in from about the same distance on the other side of the target to trim the trappings of privilege in a way that, whether he wills it or not, tends to make more socially egalitarian just the society that Bevan tries, according to his lights, to make more economically. Both seek, in an undeliberate way, to make that society more acceptable to the outside world.

Maybe this is not too tenable a thesis but, once over the shock of the comparison, the personalities, the performances and the capacities of these two men come through in a remarkable way. Their kind of argument — urbane, colourful, articulate — showing less regard for taste maybe than was the wont of earlier, pre-television publicists — might be one part of the Elizabethanism in Britain. It is a violent paradox that one of its early manifestations should have a republican tinge but this is quite in character. Bevan and Muggeridge are both making the kind of protest that is unwelcome, will get a hearing, then a following, then a concession and then a reform. It might be the welfare state coming crudely, disloyally and austere of age.

It may be, though, that the calculations of both of them turn out to be dead wrong. If they have moved themselves into positions of irremediable isolation, if they are doomed, at least we must admire them as they sing a virtuoso's swan song. It is an absorbing kind of death spasm.

G. H.

As Presidents Go . . .

What should be looked for in the president of a Canadian university? Primarily a good administrator. What

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qualities make a good administrator? Primarily good judgment of character; an ability and a determination to delegate authority; and a knowledge of the wisdom and of the limits of compromise. It may be proper for a president to attend representative gatherings, and the ability to make a short, graceful and witty speech, with only the vaguest reference to education, may be an advantage.

An annual report on the university, with the kind offices of the press to make its points widely known, is almost all he should utter on university affairs. Any additional pronouncements on these affairs, unless an unexpected and violent change occurs, are tiresomely platitudinous, and the more frequently he speaks the less effect he achieves. What can be more depressing for an audience than to know in detail (except for the jokes) what a man is going to say in a speech? A modern phenomenon is that speeches and articles by intelligent business men who have become interested in the educational process are often not only fresher but also as penetrating as those of university presidents. They are often also shorter.

The word "primarily," used above, creates a difficulty. A first-class administrator without direct experience in a university might be disastrous as a president: the strain on the academic staff of having to educate him might be altogether too great. Perhaps, after all, the most important thing is to appoint a scholar, and to hope that he may prove to have, or be able to develop, administrative talent. At best it is a very chancy business.

The Oxford and Cambridge system has the advantage that those who make the choice of a new head of a college are also the ones who suffer most from a bad choice, but that sort of statement is only, in Canada, of what is called "academic" interest.

Canadian Calendar

- Canada's imports totalled a record \$554,100,000 in May, up from \$550,000,000 a year earlier.
- Canadian exports rose more than 3 per cent in value in July as a result of higher sales to the United States, Latin America, etc.
- In the second quarter of 1957 the Canadian economy for the first time since mid-1954 showed no increase in national production over the first quarter, but stood virtually unchanged from the first quarter.
- More immigrants arrived in Canada in the first eight months of 1957 than in any full year since 1913. Arrivals from Jan. 1 to Aug. 31 totalled 225,000.
- George S. White, member of Parliament for the riding of Hastings-Frontenac in Eastern Ontario, since 1940, has been appointed to the Senate, leaving a vacancy to be filled at a by-election on Nov. 4. It is understood that Sidney Smith, the newly appointed Minister of External Affairs, will contest the election as Conservative candidate.
- It cost the public treasury more than \$37,000,000 in the fiscal year 1956-57 to provide a national sound and television service through the CBC.
- The Canadian and Catholic Confederation of Labor, grouping more than 100 members across Quebec, voted on Sept. 27 to seek affiliation with the 1,000,000-strong Canadian Labor Congress by a majority of 15 (204 in favor and 189 against).
- At Mount Tremblant on Sept. 29 Peter Thorneycroft, Britain's Chancellor of the Exchequer, proposed to the meeting of Commonwealth Finance Ministers that Canada and Great Britain establish a Canada-United Kingdom free trade area.

- The strike of mine-workers at Gaspé Copper Mines Ltd. ended on Oct. 5.
- Most Rev. R. J. Renison, retired Archbishop of Moosonee and Metropolitan of Ontario, died early in October at Toronto, at the age of 82.
- Shipments, unfilled orders and inventory of Canadian manufacturers all declined in August.
- Natural gas from the Peace River district of Northern Canada started to flow into Vancouver early in October through the 650-mile long Westcoast Transmission Co. pipeline.
- British Columbia fishermen caught a record 677,225,000 pounds of fish in 1956, about 36 per cent more than the previous year's 498,376,000.
- Canadian construction contract awards for the first nine months of 1957 total \$2,196,061,900 or \$487,812,300 short of the 1956 total for the same period, mainly owing to reduction in the residential and engineering categories. Business and industrial categories show increases in activity this year.
- The Canada Council announced on Oct. 8 the first three grants totalling \$1,630,000 from its university capital grants fund: \$400,000 to Carleton University, for a new library building; \$530,000 to Queen's University for a men's residence; \$700,000 to the University of British Columbia for an arts building.
- The Canada Council on Oct. 9 announced grants of \$80,000 to assist four Canadian orchestras, a ballet group and an opera company: \$25,000 for the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, \$15,000 for the Halifax Symphony and the Ottawa Symphony orchestras and \$5,000 for the Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra; \$10,000 for the Canadian Players, \$10,000 to Les Grands Ballets Canadiens of Montreal and to the Opera Festival of Toronto. Other grants were made to art and music periodicals and to the Théâtre du Nouveau Monde.
- Canada's population increased at a record rate in the first eight months of 1957 (401,000) boosting the total figures on Sept. 1 to 16,745,000.
- Alberta oil production for the week ending Oct. 7 had an average daily output of only 273,581 barrels, compared with 311,558 barrels for the previous week and 383,837 barrels for the corresponding week last year.
- In the interests of economy, the new Government has decided not to go on with the project of developing the latest version of the CF100 interceptor, the Mark VI, Canada's most advanced aircraft.
- Premier Diefenbaker named six new Senators on Oct. 12, increasing Conservative membership from seven to thirteen. The Liberals have 78 members.
- Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip arrived in Ottawa for a state visit on Oct. 12. On Oct. 13 the Queen spoke to the nation by radio and television and on Oct. 14 she opened the new Parliament—the first sovereign to perform this function in person as Queen of Canada.
- Higher old-age pensions, increased benefits for war veterans, the blind and disabled, farm price legislation and measures to effect a national development policy were forecast in the Speech from the Throne at the opening of the first session of the 23rd Parliament.
- The Nobel committee of the Norwegian Parliament announced on Oct. 14 the award of the 1957 Nobel Peace Prize to Lester B. Pearson, former Canadian Minister of External Affairs, the first Canadian to win it.
- Roland Michener, Q.C., the Progressive Conservative who has represented the Toronto riding of St. Paul's since 1953, was unanimously elected Speaker of the House of Commons on Oct. 14.

The Queen and Three Critics

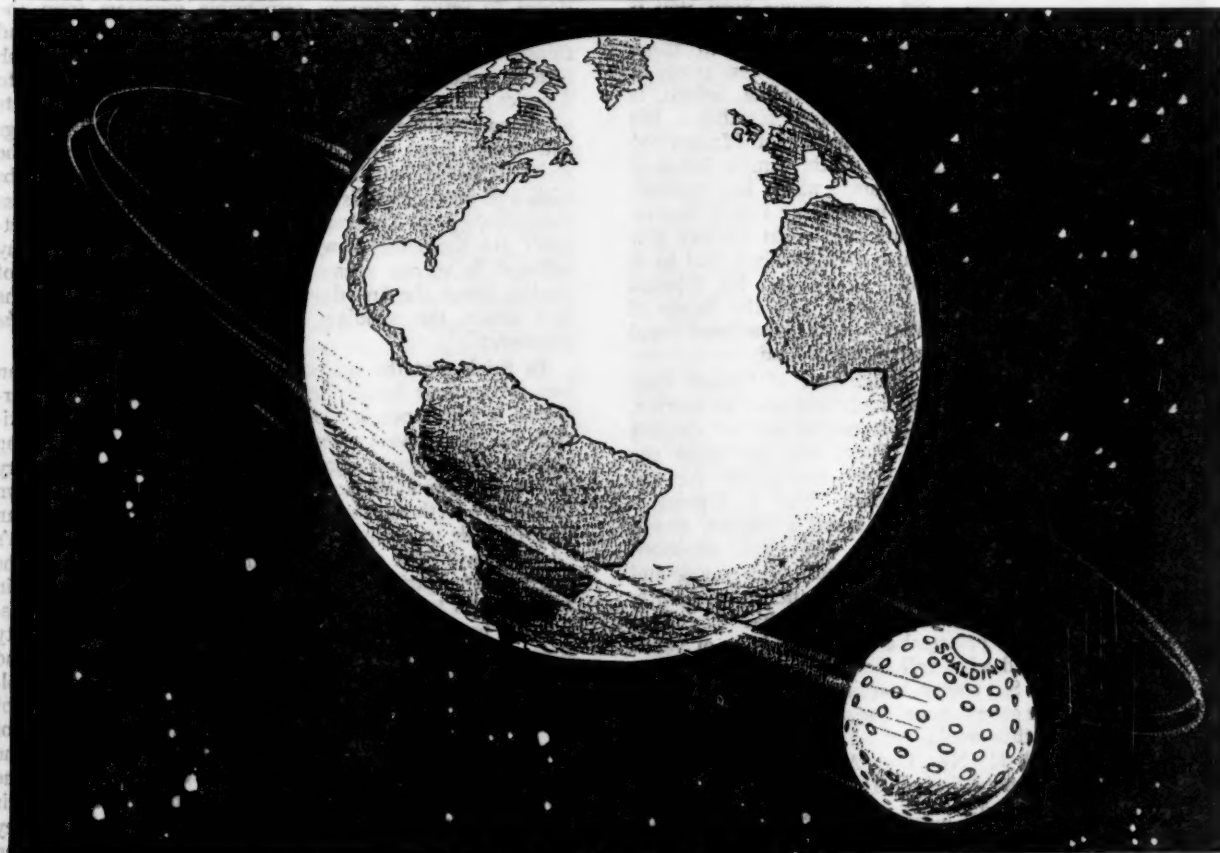
James Eayrs

► A MULTIPLE CROWN is not a multiple personality. The Queen of Canada cannot remain untouched by comment upon the performance of the functions of the Queen of the United Kingdom. For this reason recent criticism of their Sovereign by three Englishmen is worth closer attention than misleading newspaper accounts enable her Canadian subjects to give to it.

The first to bring the Monarchy under fire was Malcolm Muggeridge. The Townsend Affair provided the slight stimulus required; it also prompted the title of his piece in *The New Statesman and Nation* of October 22, 1955. "Royal Soap Opera" is vintage Muggeridge. It belongs to that imperishable period of his editorship of *Punch* when names fell from the subscription list like leaves in an autumn gale—the period of the cruel sketch of Sir Winston in senility, of the Bugs Bunny Sir Anthony à la Graham Sutherland. His treatment of royalty, like his treatment of statesmen, is marked by lack of proportion and perspective: these commoner virtues are gladly, cheerfully sacrificed for the sake of the biting gibe and the flashing phrase. The little Princess Anne is chided for her early acquisition of "that curious characteristic gesture of limply holding up her hand to acknowledge applause". He refers to the Queen's Governess as "the unspeakable Crawfie". Of the hapless suitor and his

idolaters he remarks: "I dare say what really drove the Gadarene swine mad was the thought that Group Captain Townsend was at the bottom of the cliff".

But beneath the veneer of flippancy there is a serious purpose. Mr. Muggeridge is no monarchomach. In his odd way he writes to preserve and strengthen the Monarchy, to save the Royal Family from its more repellent mannerisms, above all to save it from those who egg it on to greater crudities. What really riles Mr. Muggeridge, who has so savagely attacked the concept and custodians of "good taste", is the deterioration of royal decorum, of which the handling of Princess Margaret's "romance" provides so horrible an example. "The Queen Mother, the Duke of Edinburgh, Nanny Lightbody, Group Captain Townsend—the whole show is utterly out of hand, and there is a much graver danger than might superficially appear that a stronger reaction against it may be produced". He concedes something to the fashionable middle-class view that the blame belongs to the press and to the Sovereign's advisers. But he will not exempt royalty itself from all responsibility: "I believe . . . that the little daughter of Princess Margaret's week-end host who told reporters that the Princess and the Group Captain had looked at all the Sunday papers and just loved them, was speaking the truth". If Monarchy is to survive, it seems its practitioners must cast out the remnants of human frailty. But Mr. Muggeridge has a more practical remedy. Replace, he says, the "ludicrous courtiers" so ineptly functioning as public relations officers with professionals who know their job. "The royal family ought to be properly advised on how to prevent themselves and their lives from becoming a



THE IKENIK

sort of royal soap opera. They need far more of such advice, and far less of Cecil Beaton and Baron".

Mr. Muggeridge has now been charged with inexcusably washing this rather soiled linen before the American public. That really seems unfair to him. His article "Does England Really Need a Queen?" in the *Saturday Evening Post* of October 19, 1957, is mainly a Muggeridgean review of the throne since George III. It deals not at all harshly with its present occupant. Even the ample target of Mr. Richard Dimbleby, the high priest of the cult of royalty — "if he did not exist it would be necessary to invent him" — is only lightly grazed. There have been angry words in Britain at the impropriety of submitting the article for publication at the time of the royal visit to America, especially for a fee, reportedly a large fee. Well. "Let him first cast a stone . . ."

But by a stroke of irony the notoriety so ravenously hunted by Mr. Muggeridge has fallen elsewhere. It must have been a very surprised peer who was punched in the face by a chivalrous commoner, sought out, then banned, by the B.B.C., lured into an unfortunate pose by the implacable photographers of *Paris-Match*, for several days recipient of tens of thousands of letters. In the (no longer) obscure *National and English Review* for August, 1957, Lord Altrincham descants upon the crisis of the Crown. He has written not a line, not a word which, if critical, is not constructive criticism. Even the phrase which set the wire services humming — "She will not . . . achieve good results with her present style of speaking, which is frankly 'a pain in the neck'" — appears differently when the original quotation marks are restored to their place and when read with succeeding sentences making clear that it is not so much the quality of the royal voice to which exception is taken as the needless propensity to speak always from a written text even when only a few words of greeting are required. Lord Altrincham's piece, indeed, is of very serious intent. He has brooded on his theme. His writing lacks the impish, waspish quality of Muggeridge prose. It is in fact in the tradition of the famous letter of "Britannicus in Partibus Infidelium", which has reposed, since the Abdication, in a vault in Printing House Square. But for Lord Altrincham's youth one might suspect him of having written it. It is an interesting sidelight that he is the son of a former companion to royalty, Sir Edward Grigg, who travelled in North America with the Prince of Wales after the First World War and so encountered royal personality problems of a rather different kind.

Lord Altrincham's censure, unlike that of "Royal Soap Opera", is entirely of the Queen's advisers who, he charges, are devoid of perception in their crucial rôle of shaping the Monarch's public image. They, not she, write the royal speeches. They, not she, are responsible for the personality conveyed by their words, "that of a priggish schoolgirl, captain of the hockey team, a prefect, and a recent candidate for Confirmation". They have exploited with wanton recklessness the easy appeal of a young and handsome woman glamorously attired and magnificently staged, heedless of the impermanence of what they have allowed to become her principal assets. The bloom of youth will soon be lost, and what will the Queen have then, poor thing? "Crawfie", Sir Henry Marten, the London season, the race-course, the grouse-moor, Canasta, and the occasional Royal tour — all this would not have been good enough for Queen Elizabeth I! Nor, Lord Altrincham insists, is it good enough for Queen Elizabeth II.

A first step to the fuller flowering of the royal personality must be a change of the guard at Buckingham Palace. The "tweedy" Court, that "tight little enclave of British 'ladies

and gentlemen'", must be disbanded, to be replaced by one of more worldly composition. "A truly classless and Commonwealth Court would not only bear eloquent witness to the transformed nature of the Monarchy, but would also give the Queen and her Family the advantage of daily contact with an interesting variety of personalities and points of view". And if the dulling process of "a conventional upper-class education" has stamped indelibly the reigning monarch with its hall-mark, it may not be too late to save the heir. It is Lord Altrincham's fervent hope that the Queen's "woefully inadequate training" will not hold from her the wisdom to see to it that her children get a better kind, "that Prince Charles is equipped with all the knowledge he can absorb without injury to his health, and that he mixes during his formative years with children who will one day be bus-drivers, dockers, engineers, etc. — not merely with future land-owners or stock-brokers". A heavy responsibility rests upon the house-masters at Cheam.

The third critic writes not in sorrow but in anger. He is, of course, John Osborne, the celebrated playwright, and a contributor to a forthcoming symposium of Angry Young Writing. From his contribution to this volume his piece in the October, 1957, issue of *Encounter* has been taken. It is entitled "And They Call it Cricket". It is a painfully honest, few-holds-barred recitation of all those things about the British way of life which Mr. Osborne cannot stomach. In his catalogue of grievances the Monarchy finds its place. Mr. Osborne is a socialist. He believes no socialist worth his salt can be other than republican. Part of his criticism is that the monarchy has no use, and thus reveals an unawareness of the many useful political purposes it continues to serve: relieving responsible ministers from the tedious, time-consuming round of "foundation-stones and things" no less than its value as an instrument of British foreign policy (strikingly displayed in the recent visit to America). For the rest he is sickened by just those aspects of monarchical behaviour which irritate Mr. Muggeridge and worry Lord Altrincham: "The ship launchings, the visits to 'establishments', the polo games, the night clubs with well-bred nobodies, the T.V. appearances, the endless concentration at the racecourse, the Christmas Day set-cant: are these the crowning interests of a rich, healthy culture? Is no one aghast at the thought of a lifetime of reading about the first day at prep-school, the measles, the first dance, the wedding, and finally the beauty of the ceremonial?"

To think that the subjects of the Queen of Canada can best prove their loyalty by denouncing all this as unwarranted impertinence is a pitiful mistake. Some of the criticism has no relevance here. Much of it has. The cloying coyness of our yellow journalists; the insensate snobbery of some of our officials; the gushing nonsense of our own Dimblebys — these degrade the Monarchy no less than they degrade themselves. Over them the Queen of Canada's advisers have little control. It will not be overnight that the miasma of vulgarity can be dispersed. But it does lie within their powers to give the Monarchy in Canada its own distinctive form and content. Need the residence of royalty always be accompanied by the round of pageantry and ceremonial, the flapping of bunting, the braying of school-children, the inspection of regiments, the presentation of local dignitaries? Could it not become, in the hands of sensitive, imaginative advisers, like that of the stars in the firmament of Coleridge's vision? "And everywhere the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest and their native country and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected, and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival".

Partition for Algeria

J. A. Laponce

► FRANCE IS NEVER so much governed as when she has no government. A ministerial crisis has the salutary effect of obliging political parties to compromise and agree to a solution of the problem which caused the cabinet to fall. Last September for the first time since the nationalist uprising in Algeria, a cabinet fell on the Algerian question. Premier Bourguès-Maunoury failed to get a majority in the National Assembly on a draft law setting the broad lines of a new political structure for Algeria (the so called "loi-cadre" or "skeleton-law"). A new parliamentary combination will have to be found, a new "loi-cadre" will have to be submitted to the National Assembly by Mr. Bourguès-Maunoury's successor. What the new "loi-cadre" will be, in what respect it will be different from that just defeated by the French Parliament, it is too early to tell. But the Bourguès-Maunoury loi-cadre, although by now a dead letter, gives us an idea of the lines along which French politicians are now trying to solve the Algerian problem.

The main feature of the Bourguès-Maunoury proposals was the partition of Algeria into autonomous regions along racial lines. There would have been six regions; in two of them the European population would have been the dominating element; two others would have been controlled by the Arabs and the last two would have been carved in Berbere areas. Each autonomous region would have had a Regional Assembly elected on the basis of a single electorate, and an executive responsible to the Assembly. Elections to the Regional Assemblies were scheduled to take place as soon as order had been restored in the region. In the meantime members were to be appointed to the Assemblies from among the municipal councils and other similar bodies. In each region, the French Republic would have been represented by a High Commissioner. Such partition of Algeria was acceptable to a majority in the National Assembly and it is very likely that the new scheme will include similar features. But the Bourguès-Maunoury proposals included also some federalist features which rendered them unpalatable to the Independents and the Social Republicans (ex-Gaullists). The government draft called for the creation of a Federal Assembly and a Federal Executive to be designated two years after the Regional Assemblies had been first elected. A Federal Executive, consisting of delegates from the Regional Assemblies would have been selected for a four year term. The amount of autonomy given to the regional governments was to be determined by the French Republic and the powers of the Federative organs were, in turn, to be determined by the Regional governments themselves. In all events the French Republic would have retained control over such matters as: foreign affairs, national defence, general security, elections, currency, finance, customs, taxes and, with certain exceptions, justice and education. Furthermore, Art. I of the draft project had made clear that Algeria was "An integral part of the French Republic".

The autonomy given to Algeria under the Bourguès-Maunoury proposals was thus extremely limited and the decision of right wing parties to vote it down would be difficult to understand on the sole basis of the letter of the "loi-cadre". What, in fact, determined the vote of French conservatives was not so much the "loi-cadre" itself as the belief that the proposed reforms would have been the first step towards independence. The right wing opposed the creation of a federal executive for Algeria, even though it

might be, at first, powerless, for fear that it be the seed of an independent Algerian government.

The federal features of the "loi-cadre" had been wanted by the left wing, in particular the Socialists. The disagreement which brought down the government was thus primarily between Independents and Socialists. But in the present French parliamentary set-up these two parties have to collaborate in order that a government may have sufficient parliamentary support to carry out political reforms in Algeria. Either the Socialists or the Independents will have to give way on the question of a federal executive in Algeria. The odds are that the Socialists will. Notwithstanding the growing unrest of left wing elements within the S.F.I.O., Mr. Mollet still has the socialist parliamentary group and the party machine well in hand and can bring his party to accept a compromise with the Independents. As for the latter, they have been in recent months stiffening their positions and it is unlikely that in a compromise with the socialists they will give up much ground. Their continuous success in by-elections since 1956 and the recent conversations of Mr. Duchet, their Secretary General, with political leaders in the United States, have convinced them that it is not only in the interest of France but also of the Atlantic community that the French maintain their positions in what they still hold of Northern Africa. But while they want France to stay in Algeria, French Conservatives also want to put an end to the war which has been going on in Algeria for over two years and which taxes the French budget heavily.

It is for these reasons that a partition scheme might rally a majority in the French parliament. The division of present day Algeria into two separate entities, "French Algeria" and "Moslem Algeria", could be worked out either on a purely communal basis, as in the Jules Moch proposals, or, as is more likely, on a territorial basis as in the Bourguès-Maunoury proposals. The advantage of a partition of Algeria along racial and territorial lines would be to leave the future open to two different solutions: (a) the setting up of a French speaking Algeria with the Sahara as its hinterland, while the Moslem sections of present day Algeria would eventually become independent or more probably would join Morocco and Tunisia; (b) the creation of a Federal Algeria in which Moslems and French settlers would co-govern, this federal Algeria being itself part of a larger federation (the French Union or a Franco-North African Federation.)

The main drawback of such a partition plan is that the carving out of purely French-speaking regions is impossible. In Algiers, for example, the French element dominates in the downtown area while the Moslems live in the suburbs. And even if it were at all possible to create at present a region in which the French would have a majority, the high birth rate of the Moslem population might very well in a few years time put the French settlers in the minority once again. A partition of Algeria with the purpose of creating a definitely French Algeria might thus involve some transfer of population.

The setting up of a French Algeria with its Sahara hinterland is very much feared by the leaders of the rebellion. It is not pure coincidence that, while the French government was coming out with its partition project, the F.L.N. representatives modified their attitudes and for the first time accepted the idea of direct negotiations with France without any prior recognition by France of the principle of an independent Algeria. The fact that the F.L.N. wants Morocco and Tunisia to be present at such negotiations, indicates also that Morocco and Tunisia are anxious to prevent the partition of Algeria; both countries have an eye on the Sahara and its great mineral resources.

There are thus signs, both in France and in North Africa, that, to use a French parliamentary expression, the Algerian crisis is "almost ripe."

One thing is certain: in order to find a peaceful solution, both sides will have to make concessions. But it seems that the concessions will have to come mainly from the Algerian rebels. The recent discoveries of oil in the Sahara, the opening of what is to the French a new frontier, has given to a majority of French politicians one more reason for ruling out the granting of independence to Algeria. It is France's duty, they think, not only to protect the French settlers but also to keep the door open to an area which is said to be potentially as rich as the Middle East. The choice of a peaceful solution to the Algerian conflict rests with the leaders of the rebellion. They can either agree to the division of Algeria into two separate French and Moslem entities, or they can accept a limited autonomy within the French Union or a Franco-North African Federation.

Election Prospects in Manitoba

H. S. Crowe

► POLITICAL PUNDITS in Manitoba are freely predicting the impending end of the "Liberal-Progressive" era after thirty-five uninterrupted years in office by the United Farmers, Liberal-Progressives and Liberals, as the ruling party in the province has been called in its gradual evolution under John Bracken, Stuart Garson and Douglas Campbell. This political feat is to be accomplished by Dufferin Roblin, a young Winnipeg businessman and grandson of the last Conservative premier, and his Progressive Conservative party. One might have thought that the federal result on the 10th of June would have imposed a restraint upon experts and amateurs alike in the hazardous field of political prophecy.

The Progressive Conservative victory in the provincial election which must be held before early summer in 1958 is indicated, it is suggested, by the increasing frequency of criticism of the Campbell government for inaction and indecision in a number of fields from flood protection to education, by the "prevalent" public feeling that after thirty-five years it is "time for a change," by the generally favourable impression which Mr. Roblin appears to have made, and above all by the Conservative acquisition from the Liberals on June 10 of the federal constituencies of Provencher, Lisgar, Portage-Neepawa, Marquette and Churchill, and the retention by very wide margins of Brandon-Souris, Winnipeg South and Winnipeg South Centre. Mr. Roblin has been most anxious to identify himself closely with Mr. Diefenbaker each time the new prime minister has passed through Winnipeg, and Premier Campbell has been equally anxious to present himself and his provincial party as "Liberal-Progressive" rather than "Liberal."

Despite all of this assurance, the Progressive Conservatives have not in fact provided a sustained criticism of the Campbell government of a kind which is politically marketable, and have not advanced clear alternative propositions in a single important field of provincial affairs. Mr. Roblin's colleagues have not manifested any notable ability, and although his party is the official opposition in the Legislature (with 12 members as against the Liberals 35), the role of opposition in Manitoba politics seems to be divided about equally between the CCF and Winnipeg newspapers, par-

ticularly the Liberal Free Press which has not hesitated under its new editor to subject Liberal governments, federal or provincial, to the most searching criticism.

The argument, or slogan (or substitute for clear political thinking) that it is "time for a change" no doubt will help the Progressive Conservatives who constitute the most probable alternative. But it has been "time" for a long time. Also the Conservative party cannot escape the accusation which the CCF will be certain to make, that this same Conservative party kept the Liberals in power and shared power with them in over ten years of coalition. Indeed, two leading cabinet members (possibly the two most prominent), Mr. Miller and Mr. Greenlay, are Conservatives who changed labels and remained in the government when the coalition ended before the 1953 election.

The Conservative party re-emerged in the late 1920's from the scandal of the construction of the legislative buildings only to fall under another cloud of guilt by association with the federal Conservative party during the depression. In the 1936 election it showed sufficient life under its new leader, Errick Willis, to prevent the Bracken government from securing a majority, but Bracken remained in power with Social Credit support. As the Liberals gained new purpose with Stuart Garson becoming the apostle of the tax-rental agreements (first as Provincial Treasurer and then as Premier), the Conservatives gave up their role of opposition and accepted the Liberal offer to share office in coalition.

In the forthcoming election the Liberal government will have to its credit a new and liberal (and popular) liquor law which was enacted after an exhaustive enquiry by a Royal Commission chaired by Mr. Bracken. It should receive credit for a new arrangement for the periodic redistribution of legislative seats by a non-political body. However the new Redistribution Act also abolished the transferable ballot and the multiple member constituencies in Greater Winnipeg, and there is little doubt that this will increase CCF and to a lesser extent Conservative representation from that area. This need not be too distressing to the Liberals because the Act equates seven urban voters to four rural ones, thus leaving the bulk of the constituencies in rural Manitoba where the government's support has always been concentrated. The Campbell government in addition has instituted a uniform re-assessment of property to permit a more equitable distribution of provincial grants, has increased substantially its grants for education and has been unusually active in the construction and repair of highways. Finally, it has presided over an immense development at Moak Lake by International Nickel.

Opponents of the government will point out that its expenditures on education and welfare have long been the lowest in Canada and that the appointment of a Royal Commission on Education was a device to escape criticism, or conversely, an admission of failure. They will observe that Manitoba roads are not usually considered as a matter for provincial pride. They will present the prevention of the Speaker and the government's majority of a debate in the legislature on beer prices as an astonishing parallel to the "pipe line" debate at Ottawa. They will hint darkly at a "giveaway" arrangement with International Nickel. Opponents in Winnipeg will claim that the province has been niggardly in its treatment of the city, particularly in its limited offer (if it remains limited) to help build the Disraeli bridge over the Red River. CCF candidates will attack the Liberals, with good reason, as anti-labor. These two latter charges no doubt will be reproduced by rural Liberal candidates with considerable satisfaction.

It is easy to say (and possibly correct) that this will result in an appreciable reduction in the Liberal membership in the legislature, but it is hard to see how it must necessarily add sixteen or seventeen new Progressive Conservative members. While refraining from even the most general prediction would be the obvious course of wisdom, it would seem reasonable to suggest that some of the anticipated Liberal losses in rural Manitoba might be to the CCF. (If federal victories for the Conservatives in rural Manitoba herald Conservative provincial victories, then conceivably the CCF federal victories in the rural seats of Springfield, Selkirk and Dauphin might presage some CCF provincial gains. But as Premier Campbell pointed out on the 11th day of June, federal politics are one thing, and provincial politics are another.)

The Social Credit party, which made a determined, if last minute effort in Manitoba in 1953, is not considered to be a serious contender. In 1953 it elected two candidates, one of whom has since reached the decision that Social Credit is not for him. All Social Credit candidates went down in this year's federal election, although two of them—in the Provencher and Lisgar—received heavy support in Mennonite communities. It is probable that a sizeable Social Credit vote—should it materialize—would help the Liberals.

As of this moment (a thoughtful caveat) it would not appear unreasonable to anticipate (a careful construction) the return of the Campbell government with the largest group in the legislature, with the Progressive Conservatives and the CCF gaining an equal number of seats.

The British Health Service

J. Jackson

► THE NATIONAL HEALTH SERVICE was established in 1948, and was one of a series of measures designed to create a Welfare State in Britain. Originally it provided free medical, dental and ophthalmic treatment for all United Kingdom residents. Since 1948, certain charges have been introduced and the individual has to pay a small charge (one shilling) for each item prescribed by his doctor, as well as contributing to the cost of dentures and spectacles, and the cost of dental treatment. The net cost of the service, that is the value of current productive resources used to provide the service, was £439 million¹ in the financial year 1953-54, or some 3 per cent of the gross national income.

Two important questions are raised by the existence of the National Health Service. Is the service, which is financed mainly out of general tax revenues, providing the taxpayer with value for his money? And can the country afford expenditure on a free health service on this scale?

Two arguments may be put forward to support the establishment of a free health service on the British pattern. First, many people may not be able to afford the cost of securing proper medical attention; secondly, some at least might prefer to spend their money unwisely and neglect their health if they had to pay for treatment.

It is difficult to argue that in post-war Britain there are many people who could not afford to pay for medical attention. Few, admittedly, could face the cost of say a major operation and a long stay in hospital without dismay, but

they could easily pay an insurance premium which would enable them to meet such a bill. The National Health Service benefits have to be paid for out of tax revenues, and a distinguished economist has estimated that the average person is paying fully for the National Health Service and all the other social services through taxation. The provision of such benefits through state services does not redistribute income between rich and poor.²

Some people would hold that if people chose to spend their incomes unwisely it is their own responsibility. Logically, this means that we should be willing to let a person die of starvation if he makes no provision for his old-age, or of disease if he cannot pay for medical treatment. In practice, however, society to-day might feel impelled to help such irresponsible individuals, and they would become a burden on the rest of the community. Compulsory social insurance has done much to prevent poverty, and compulsion is justified because society is protecting itself against the irresponsible; compulsory insurance against the cost of medical treatment might be introduced for a similar reason, but there is no necessity for a free health service administered by the State. If such a service is to be justified, it must be shown that it can provide a more effective service than any other system.

Before 1948, most workers but not their families were entitled to the services of a general practitioner under the National Health Insurance scheme. There were also arrangements whereby such workers could obtain hospital treatment and the services of a general practitioner in return for a small weekly or monthly payment. Others in better circumstances simply paid the fees their doctors thought fit to charge, though it may be added that these were often scaled to the patient's ability to pay. There is no reason to suppose that the National Health Service has done anything to improve the standard of medical care available to those who previously were obliged to seek it privately. Perhaps the greatest benefits that the National Health Service has conferred have been to those who previously could not really afford to pay for treatment privately but who nevertheless chose to do so, or else forego treatment, rather than accept treatment under any scheme that might be thought to involve some element of charity.

There are dangers in a free health service. Unreasonable demands may be made when treatment is regarded as a "right" and is neither charity nor something to be paid for. A person may go to his doctor in order to obtain free aspirins instead of buying them. The result is that the ordinary general practitioner may be over-worked, and in consequence he may try to shift part of his burden onto the hospital specialist. This tendency has been reinforced by a tendency to play for safety in view of the increase in the number of legal actions against doctors for negligence since the introduction of the National Health Service. The hospitals in turn are overworked, and delays may result in the treatment of those seriously ill.³

The method of paying the general practitioner also tends to lead to his being overworked. He is paid a fixed sum for each person who registers with him, whether fit or chronic invalid. The doctor can only increase his remuneration by securing more registrations. A doctor who has so many patients that he cannot give them proper attention is paid more than one doing the same amount of work in providing a better service for fewer people.

Anyone who is not satisfied with the National Health Service is, of course, free to seek treatment privately. This

¹ B. Abel-Smith and R. M. Titmuss, *The Cost of the National Health Service in England and Wales* (Cambridge University Press; 1956), Table I, p. 24.

² Colin Clark, *Welfare and Taxation* (Catholic Social Guild, Oxford; 1954), p. 12.

³ L. Goldman, *Angry Young Doctor* (Hamish Hamilton, London; 1957), p. 24.

freedom, however, is largely illusory. A person who is already taxed to pay for the "free" National Health Service may not be in a position to pay for private treatment. Moreover, adequate facilities for private patients may not exist. Nearly all the major hospitals have been taken over by the National Health Service, and although beds are set aside in some of these for the private patients of their part-time specialists, there are some parts of the country where no such beds are allocated, and where private treatment can only be obtained in small nursing homes, which can hardly provide the same standard of care as a large, efficient hospital. Thus, in practice, a person may have no real alternative to the state health service, a very serious matter.

The National Health Service has not involved, so far, any interference with the right of a patient to select his doctor, or with that of the doctor to choose his patients (though a patient may be allocated to a doctor if he has not been able to find one in his area to accept him). Some socialists, however, appear to favour a salaried general practitioner service. Since it would be difficult to justify the same salary or salary-scale for doctors serving different numbers of patients in the same area, this type of service would almost inevitably involve some interference with the right of the patient to choose his doctor.

Some doctors have benefited from the National Health Service. The average general practitioner is reasonably well-paid, and so is the specialist of full consultant status. Nevertheless, earnings have not kept pace with the rising cost of living, and the medical profession resents this, arguing that it was a condition of their cooperation in the National Health Services that their real incomes would be maintained.

For the doctor seeking to enter general practice, conditions are more difficult. Entry seems more difficult than before 1948. The middle grades of the hospital service, the trainee consultants, are also badly placed. Their posts are temporary, and more of them are employed than can ever hope to achieve full consultant status. There is nothing for them in the hospital service; entry to general practice is difficult, apart from the fact that their highly specialized training does not particularly fit them for this.⁴

Finally, there is the question of cost. Ultimately, economic problems are questions of choice. If labor and materials are devoted to providing a free health service, they cannot be used to produce other goods and service the members of the community might like. Whether Britain can afford the National Health Service really means whether the individuals who make up the community want it enough to be willing to pay for it. There is no economic problem unless the community is unwilling to forego other things in order to provide the health service. If, however, they would prefer other things to a health service, a serious problem may arise. They are, of course, taxed to pay for the service the State provides, and their incomes are thereby reduced and their consumption in other directions is reduced. This is all very well, but organized labor can under full-employment use its bargaining power to press for higher wages, so that the workers can maintain their expenditure on the kind of thing they consider important. When this happens, inflation may be the result.

This economic danger is, of course, very much more serious when the National Health Service is only one of a number of services provided free by the State in this way. But more serious, perhaps, than the economic danger of inflation is the possible lowering of standards and even if

there is no fall in standards, of denying the individual freedom of choice in a sphere that is not only vitally important but also very personal.

Black and Gold

Tom Poots

► VERN QUINCE WAS returning to the house, art supplies tucked under one wing, his face, hands and armpits moist with the heat of summer. Rounding the corner shack which divided the back yard from the driveway he strode into the open feeling the muscles in his calves tighten and ease off. Looking up the dilapidated flights to the third floor landing he saw Algy. I might stink, Vern thought, but God Almighty not like him. As he watched—because in some weird way Algy fascinated him—the old man bent forward over the railing and blew his nose into his fingers. Then he drew back his sotten fist and wiped to mucus on his trousers.

God! Vern thought, what a helluva mess. That poor old shell of a human dirtying up a beautiful morning like this with his stinking habits. They ought to put him away. But no, Aggie's a good wife. Wouldn't stand for them dragging him off. Doesn't know what he's doing anyway, I suppose. What is it cancer of the prostate does? Eat the mind too or is he just going crazy because some merciful power of the unknown doesn't want poor Algy to know what's eating at him, doesn't want him to feel the rot and smell the stink.

He mounted the bottom steps, holding the bundle of paint and canvas out in front of him so as not to smack it against the paint peeling banisters. On the third landing he saw Algy drawn back against the far side of the porch, staring quizzically at him. Algy's eyes were moist and far reaching. Lord knows what he sees out of them, Vern thought, or what the devil he thinks about.

"Oh boy, boy. We're having sunshine, eh?" Algy blubbered. Saliva dribbled over his chin. He raised one warted hand and swiped at it. "No sense living without sunshine, is there?" He grinned widely, his head bobbling up and down, his eyes rolling, not widely but erratically.

"Not much," Vern said pressing away from him.

Algy caught his arm. Vern knew it more than felt it. There was no strength of any definite sort in the grab. It was a feather-stroke bringing the smell with it; the stinking crust of air that enveloped the old man's body. Vern's nostrils flinched. He pulled back, trying to smile.

"It's fine," Algy said. "It's a fine day! But strangers come in the yard. I don't know them, but I see them. Tried to chase them away. A while back somebody came out of there." Algy pointed to the screen door that led to the hallway outside Vern's apartment. "Came out and went downstairs. Don't know who, but I can't have strangers on my property. It's bad!"

"That was me," Vern said.

"What? Oh no, it was some stranger." Algy clucked and cackled.

"Never mind." He left the old man blinking and twitching against the railing.

Seems smaller than yesterday, Vern thought. Lord, that smell. How can Aggie breathe, having that in the house? Separate beds though. God yes! Couldn't be anything else but; you'd die. A half formed news headline created itself: AGGIE POST DIES. GASSED BY—. By what? he wondered. What would you call it? Suffered suffocation by exposure to her husband Algernon Post, former—what? God, he must have been something else than the rotting heap he is now. Never know. Never really know anything about him except what is.

4. *ibid.* Chapters V and XI.

He opened the door and stepped inside. The apartment smelled of the ammonia used by the beauty parlor on the second floor. He opened the windows in the front room facing Main Street and sucked in the air. Stinks, stinks, he told himself. From one evil to another. Maybe I'll be in luck, lose my sense of smell. He looked at the bakery across the street and believed he smelled it; at the pet shop, and smelled that; then the grocery store which conjured in his head the aroma of spoiling fruit and vegetables. Below him on the first floor of his building he sensed the aromatic presence of the Shoe Shop and the Butcher's. He found rot everywhere.

But the painting, a self-portrait, was waiting. He chucked the new canvas in a corner and broke open the new paints, squeezing each tube till neat round blobs of color rose from the stained palette. Do I have a nose like that? he wondered, probing the painting. No wonder I smell every damn little crud. Hair's too dark, too rich, must lighten it, maybe paint in a grey streak for the hell of it. Yes, reflection of inner personality. Make the nose red, irritated. God yes.

Lean himself, the face on the canvas was skeletal, the pocked flesh blobbed with pale, not quite white, ovals; the severe eyes courageous, large and black, lashing out at him with scorn. It was not, Vern thought, the truth I painted here. My own emotional summation? What I want to see? What I *think* I see? And a large part of it is bravado. Revelry in heraldry. Hail the conquering Vern!

He had not heard Algy's footsteps in the hall outside. But now he was summoned from his painting by the croak of Algy's voice horning up from the floor below. Hanna Wellen, from the beauty parlor, was talking too. But there was another voice, loud, insulted, panicky. Vern laid down his brushes. He went to the door and opened it.

"Strangers can't come in my building!" Algy protested from below. "Get out! Get out!" he demanded, whimpering, confused, at a loss to understand what was going on.

"Don't touch me," the insulted woman cried. "Get away you old fool!" She let a shriek out of her that tore at Vern's ears.

The next he heard, Hanna Wellen was saying, "Please Algy, go upstairs. It's okay, Algy. Please go upstairs. Aggie will be looking for you."

Vern went to the railing and looked over. He saw the woman, very white, standing apart from them, a pale hand quivering at her mouth, her eyes popping, following every move the old man made. Hanna was trying to guide Algy back up the stairs without touching him. It was futile. Algy wiped the saliva from his lips, his body moving in a drunken manner without the aid of his feet.

"Algy, this lady is a customer," Hanna told him, angry now that she'd had enough time to realize Algy's antics might chop into her business.

"Can't have strange people," Algy said, and then quite suddenly his entire manner altered. He stopped swaying. He stood erect. He smiled heroically and put out his grubby hand toward the woman. "I'm Algernon Post," he declared with great dignity. "My name is Algernon Post, you know. I live here. Yessir. Live out back up there with Aggie. Do you know Aggie?"

"No she doesn't," Hanna barked loudly, jolting not only Algy but the customer as well. "Now get the hell out of here!" She turned to the woman, took her white hand from her mouth and led her toward the beauty parlor. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Cole," she said in a huff. "I'm very sorry. Come in and I'll get you something." The door slammed. The house shook.

Algy was alone. "Gotta let 'em know," he mumbled. "Just gotta tell 'em. That's all." He tottered slowly around and finding himself at the top of the staircase descended to the street.

Vern closed his eyes. He felt sick. What a lie that portrait is, he accused silently. Don't have the guts of a flea. Sit back and wait. Watch and wait. Fly on the wall; ineffectual. I can smell his stink up here. What's he got to let people know? How grand he smells? Poor decaying bastard, thinks he's the building superintendent, maybe the landlord. Christ what a mockery of mankind; decaying all inside itself. If we could all go insane first it would make death a helluva lot easier. Get some fresh air myself before I go mad. Someplace it doesn't stink.

After walking he stood in the back yard and looked at the small noon-shadow which formed a black halo at his feet. Upside down, Vern thought. Crown the coward with a black halo, the hero with a gold one. Holy, holy, holy, muraled Lord Almighty with a hero's gold halo. Thousands of pictures, how many centuries? How many courageous artists painted gold haloes and died? No portrait from life of Christ, only tales, then where did the image grow from? No photographs even. Portrait of the artist? Maybe. What would Algy have? No halo just stink. He slumped feeling the sun hot against his shoulders. He was beginning to burn again. Peel and burn, he mused, suffer, recover, wash off the dead scales and lie out in the sun to roast. He figured he might as well.

Finding a box to stand on he climbed to the low roof of the shed at the edge of the yard and sat in the sun. An occasional car drove up the driveway and parked in the pay-by-the-month lot. No one noticed him. They walked under the eaves of the roof on which he sat and didn't know he was only a spit away. If they did they ignored his existence.

Guts of a flea, he reiterated silently, if I'd had any heart at all I'd have gone down and explained things to that woman and ushered the old rot back upstairs. Ought to fence him in though on that porch, like those folding things they use to fence children out of the kitchen. That's what he is, I suppose, a kid. Scared the hell out of Hanna's trade. Ignorance. She should have explained she was a customer. Instinct though; kill what you fear, fear what you don't know. Algy's self preservation against the woman's self preservation; locked. Hell with it. None of my business.

The top of Algy's head appeared under the edge of the roof on the drive side. Vern spotted it. He watched. He had not noticed the weedy hair on Algy's head before, but it was very distinctly auburn under the intense sunlight. Algy passed the shed, coming into full view. He carried a shoebox rigged up with string lacings at each side. Vern sat up to see more clearly. Algy approached the iron fence post that marked the beginning of the land the house was erected on. Vern was surprised at the dexterity of the old man's hands as they lashed the box to the post, making double, triple and quadruple knots. He saw that they were feverish hands, urgent hands, working swiftly, skillfully to accomplish the task.

Algy stepped back. He mumbled, putting both hands to his cheeks and then went to the house and climbed the stairs to the third floor. He looked down and grinned.

He doesn't see me, Vern thought. He doesn't see anything but that box. A sign maybe? Sure, no trespassing. Strangers Keep Out. Beware of the beast!

Algy went into the house.

Vern had to know. He clattered off the roof of the shed making no bones about his curiosity. He ran to the box and

stood in front of it. The letters on it were drawn with red crayon in hold revelation. It read:

my name is Algernon Post!

I live here.

my name is Algernon Post!

I live here.

my name is Algernon Post!

Vern shuddered at its insistence.

"Take it down," a voice said.

Vern looked up and saw Aggie on the porch. She brushed her grey hair back with one hand and worked the fingers of her other hand into her apron. Beside her on a board nailed to the railing lay a basket of wash.

"Take it down," Aggie said again.

Vern reached out but drew his hand back quickly. Aggie began to hang the wash; pads, pads, pads, the urine and what not else still staining them. Blotched napkins in the sunlight. Pads for dirty Algy. Then sheets. No clothes, only pads and sheets. Aggie looked down removing a clothespin from her mouth.

"Look," she said flatly, "be a nice guy and take it down for me, huh? If you don't do it I'll have to climb down these stairs and do it myself. So okay, huh? You think it's the first time or something?"

First time for me, Vern thought. So I paint pictures. Put my name on them, often in red or yellow so's to stand out even though small. Algy makes a sign. My name is Vernon Quince! I live here. Hang it in a gallery. Prize for good old Algy. Name of painting: Identified Man.

"Look, Mrs. Post," Vern suggested. "Why not leave it there? Who's it hurt?"

"Me," she said. "Everytime I walk by it'll hurt me. And come up and get your mail. Himself brought it into the house this morning. It's dirty but it ain't opened."

"Oh no. Can't you do something? I mean, if he starts fooling with the mail he'll get in trouble."

"Take it down," Aggie said.

Vern reached out. His fingers touched the box. He felt the string and the rough bulge of knots. The lacing pulled tight and snapped. The sign was suddenly in Vern's hands and the reality of it shocked him as much as putting his finger into a live light socket. He dropped it.

A loud yell came from the porch. It was Algy. He had come out in time to see the sign fall to the dust. His hands were flaying all over his face. Before Aggie could collect herself enough to grab hold of him he was bolting down the stairs, his heavy feet banging the wood.

"You!" Algy shouted. "You can't do that! I won't let you mess around. You don't know." He came into view on the second landing, crashing forward, stumbling into the railing and diving down the last flight of steps. Vern stood transfixed. "You!" Algy accused whimpering. Free of the building he hurtled forward.

Vern ducked too late. Rolling on the ground he panicked, feeling the man's cruddy embrace about his chest, getting mouthfuls of the rotten stink, the musk exuding from the thing that was all over him at once, all hands, all rags and saliva. Aggie was screaming somewhere near heaven but it had no meaning.

Good Lord, save me, he begged wordlessly. That stink. That rotten stink. Can't breathe. Hold my breath. Get a foothold. There in the stomach. Oh God, his cancer. Can't help it. "Get off! Get off!" Stop him from smothering me. Must weigh two hundred. Couldn't though. "Algy!" Fist in there. Wet. His face too close. Push. Kick. Roll!

Vern spun over the ground feeling the sudden release of pressure. He recovered and stood up, shaking. Algy was sitting in the dust, dirt clinging to his wet flesh. His lips jittered silently, his deep eyes never leaving Vern's. "You," Algy said but there was no strength in the word now. Aggie stood off a few feet wiping her eyes with a corner of her apron. "You," Algy said again and he stood up, arms buckled, body wavering, placing one foot carefully before the other. Then he ran. He whisked around the corner of the shed and sped up the driveway.

Aggie was already in motion. Without speaking she clutched Vern's arm and got him going. Entering the driveway they saw Algy whirling around the corner onto Main Street.

They heard the crash of glass before reaching the end of the drive. The corner rushed up. They turned, banging into each other and there was Algy. He had slipped off his shoes and thrown one of them through the big front window of the Shoe Store. He was wavering holding the remaining shoe over his head. Then he sprang toward the Butcher Shop. People on the sidewalk stopped and stood still. A woman yelled at him. Aggie burst ahead, leaving Vern behind. As she got hold of Algy's coattail he let the shoe fly. The butcher's window shattered, cracked and crashed downward in sharp triangular sections.

The shoe man was raging toward Algy. The butcher and his assistant stood in the doorway very big in their blooded white aprons. Aggie dropped to her knees on the sidewalk groping for a hold on Algy's legs. Vern stood back, watching, waiting. He wanted to puke. He didn't want to puke. He wanted to scream. He said nothing. He stood apart from the scene. Windows flew up somewhere above. Women appeared. The shoe man had Algy by the collar and was shaking the hell out of him. Algy struggled. Aggie found her senses and began hammering the shoe man's head with her fists. Someone yelled for the police. Cars stopped on Main Street. The drivers got out and joined the circle of spectators. Two kids cheered the shoe man on, their mouths tortured with delight. The shoe man let go. Algy sank to the pavement. "My name's Algernon Post," he said. Aggie reached down to help him up. Hanna Wellen turned to the woman standing next to her on the sidewalk and said, "I lost a customer today on account of him!" The butcher spat and lit a cigar. His assistant came out of the shop and stared stupidly at the fallen Algy. Vern shook. He leaned against a wall and looked at the broken windows. He watched the old man mouth wordlessly at the crowd.

The police came; three on foot, two in a cruiser. They barked at the crowd. The fascinated, shocked and curious dispersed, insulted. The butcher went to the shoe man and began talking the thing over. Aggie sat down in a doorway with the law at her side. She nodded her head to his interrogation saying, "Yes, yes, yes, poor darling, yes." The policeman lit a cigarette for her. The others propped Algy between them. Algy spat. Vern stood still because he simply didn't know what else there was to do.

"Your name?" one of Algy's supports asked.

Algy got his feet underneath his body. He stood up. The policemen let go, very willingly, their noses fighting for fresher air. The old man breathed deeply. He smiled and drew himself up in what he obviously considered dignity. He rubbed his grubby hands together and looked proudly from one official face to the other. He knew his moment was arriving. Vern knew too. The papers would carry the story in the morning. It would be all over town by word of mouth anyway. The scattered gossips would see to that. It would be a very big issue. Complaints from the butcher and the

shoe man and Hanna Wellen would be secured very quickly. Maybe even a photograph in the newspapers. With a black or gold halo? Vern wondered miserably.

"C'mon, what's your name?" the law repeated.

"My name," Algy said in his proudest moment, "is Algernon Post!"

"Oh Algy," Aggie cried and the policeman put Algy in the cruiser and drove away.

Vern climbed the stairs to his apartment. His name, he thought. God bless him! And mine? Throw out the portrait. Yea, paint the truth. Paint the old rot maybe. Sweet aroma death has. Never been so close to touch it before. Must remember to get the mail from Aggie. Take a bath and paint old Algy. With a golden halo? My name is Vernon Quince! By God it is and before I die somebody's got to know it! Got to soak and wash off the stink. My own stink. What crud. Suppose they'll throw the old rot in the tub too, scrub him with laundry soap and ten foot pole. Probably kill him getting the smell out. Won't be nothing left but his name in the morning news: Algernon Post! By all means Algy. Algae? See Webster: found in damp places; pond scum. Yeah. Yeah!

Looking at Painting

Miriam Waddington

► LAST SPRING two friends were looking at a painting by Riopelle in Montreal's Museum of Fine Art. One of them said: "I don't see anything in that." The other, whom I recognized as a children's art teacher, replied: "But dear, his name is on everyone's lips in Paris!"

This is at once more profound and logical than it sounds. If a painter is in style and approved by large numbers of people it doesn't necessarily mean that he is truckling to the crowd. He is just as likely to be expressing the experience of the crowd, or at least the way the crowd likes to see its experience interpreted. Andre Malraux pointed out that "... styles ... impose a meaning on visual experience ... and every style illustrates a special attitude towards the cosmos."¹

Within this context, non-figurative painting, of which Riopelle is an exponent, becomes immediately understandable. With his *Voices of Silence* Malraux shows us how to understand this kind of painting, but how to like it is another matter.

The recent exhibitions in the Dominion and George Waddington galleries, largely made up of non-figurative painting, left me in no doubt that I was in the presence of some aspect of human life, if not its celebration, then at least its cerebration. At the Dominion a group of Canadian painters who are all at present living in Europe were being shown: Paul-Emile Borduas, Jean-Paul Riopelle, Paul Beaulieu and Petley-Jones, while the Waddington galleries featured six painters mainly from Toronto — Robert Hedrick, Tom Hodgson, Kazuo Nakamura, Marthe Rakine, Takao Tanabe, and Harold Towne. Of all these, only Beaulieu, Petley-Jones and Rakine are painting in the figurative style.

The fact that the four painters at the Dominion are all living in France and England probably means something, if only that they are trying to live their way back into a tradition whose devious paths must always remain partially locked to them. The self-chosen exile has in it elements of both pathos and snobbery. Pathos because somehow these artists have failed to find within their own national identity

enough value to keep them faithful to the locale which possesses them whether they acknowledge the claim or not, and snobbery because Paris and London are richer, older, more cultural and more varied than Montreal or Toronto.

Riopelle's paintings sting you with their violence. Even I respond with a surge of feeling out of some part of myself; but it is only a partial response and one which I must qualify. What responds is the same impulse which caused the Indians to trade in their beaver skins for strings of bright beads, whose attraction, though direct and powerful, is of limited duration. The particular aspect of contemporary experience which Riopelle embodies is "... the worship of the unconscious ... the glorification of its dynamic as the only life-promoting force, the systematic glorification of the primitive and irrational ..."²

This is undoubtedly part of a rebellion against too much self-surpassing and at times self-deceiving humanism. It is also a reaction against misplaced social optimism and seems to fit our mood at a time when everything human has seemingly been betrayed by politics and science — and all in the name of progress. But, even though conventional moral values have been renounced by Riopelle, one can still deduce from these energetic loud and gleeful paintings that Riopelle's morality is this: "To hell with it. Red is red and white is white."

Within the context of the painting alone, separated from literary, philosophic or historical values, one can travel just as far as one likes in terms of color, texture, form, and tension. But this kind of journey is not to every man's taste, and if one enlarges the framework to include the historical element, then one must admit that Riopelle's kind of painting serves a decorative function or else it acts as a shot in the arm for people whose senses would otherwise be in danger of withering away.

Paul-Emile Borduas, another Montrealer, and just as non-figurative as Riopelle, is at once more melancholy, more witty and more human. His work isn't strung on the same high loud and handsome notes as Riopelle's. Equally two-dimensional, and just as far removed from discernible reality, it is more appealingly egocentric and of a surprising variety of subject within its abstract limits. Looking at *Rouge de Mai* one can follow Borduas in his subtle color notions, his inventiveness of form, his balances which seem always pushed to some breathless limit. Looking at *Expansions Rayonnantes* one is convinced that Borduas could paint anything he wanted to paint, so even through his non-figurativeness he touches and expresses something profound in himself and therefore in us too.

Paul Beaulieu's water colors confirm an earlier impression of this graceful painter whom I have always admired for his heavy rather than his light touch. The light touch of *Fleurs de Printemps* and *Les Marguerites* is clever enough, but can be done equally well by so many others. This is also true of the blurred spilled-over runny lines of color, which are very irritating to me in their dreamy lack of definition. I don't know from which technical process this trick has been borrowed, but it spoiled his pictures of autumn forests and forest fires, except for *Au Crepuscule* which made me think nostalgically that October is certainly the season for buried lovers.

It is Beaulieu's red roses in a vase or his dishes of fruit that reveal him at his most individual. In these he projects a kind of masculine strength, a heavy solidity and firm grounding. When he paints a pitcher on a table or some plums on a plate, they are rooted. They may be heavy, crude, or overcolored — even a little vulgar — but they are also monumental.

¹Andre Malraux, *Voices of Silence* (Doubleday 1956).

²Thomas Mann, "Freud and the Future" in *Essays of Three Decades*.

Louisa

Louisa, who, before her wedding day
Had dreamed of rural peace, Arcadian bliss,
Life ripening calmly in a country village,
Found herself, after twenty years, despising
Her good dull husband and his good dull town.
There was no escape, none, from the coffin walls
Of her house closing round her, or the warm breath
And peering, inquisitive faces of too close neighbours.
In vain she went for walks: the clouds were curdled,
And dust was white and thick on every leaf.
She counted the same pebbles every time.
In vain she pulled the shades, to make within
A little island of her room, playing her records,
A trickle of aimless sound teasing her ears.
She sickened without reason, found herself
Too wearied out to dress or comb her hair
And lay all day upon her unmade bed.

When the young doctor came, she found life brighter.
She discovered her lipstick again, a forgotten dimple;
Put on her prettiest dressing gown, and served him
Pale china tea in her most delicate cups.
His sympathy was sweet: he too was an outsider,
Banded with her against an alien world.
Candid and young, he was the son she lacked,
The husband she had wanted. Being neither,
He still could be her lover. So he was.

When he married, her cardboard happiness toppled down.
Her jealous fancy played with knives and poison
Or built up scenes in which she pleaded with him,
Recalling similes of stones and ice.
She wrote him letters, amorous or threatening,
And watched his house to see him go or come.

Weary, perhaps afraid, he moved from town.
Alone with her husband, she wept, was conscience stricken,
Returned to religion, prayed and wept again;
Knelt in a feverish transport of devotion;
But, whispering "Bless me, Father," felt unblessed;
Absolved, was not absolved; played with good works
And gave them up again; at length retreated
To the stale desolation of her sickness,
The chosen Waste Land of her living room.

Elizabeth Brewster.

Climbing

Along the road I walk with my son
Noting the damp ferns, the confusion
Of goldenrods, mulleins, chickories
That grow by the road's side. But he sees
A sandhill to the left and he's gone,
His high voice urging me, "Quick, come on!"
But he does not wait to see if I
Have reached him and his excited cry,
Nor does he care overmuch whether
The sand-dust from his quick feet cover
My head and neck, the face turned away.
There'd be no point shouting, "Hold, son. Stay."
He wouldn't hear me for all the noise
He makes: yet supposing he did what's
Gained asking a boy that's lithe-limbed
To stop midway an important climb?
So I let him go on till his feet
Are bravely planted on the summit.
From there of course he at once looks down;
He laughs when he sees my past concern.

How can I show him my relieved face
Is for more than a boy's morning race?
So I grin and wave up to him there
(This poet, lover, frail Balboa)
The goldenrod I hold in my hand,
While white sprays of dust still drift on
Forcing me to shade my eyes and frown.
But son capers on his hill of sand.

Irving Layton.

Three Lives

I like the fisherman who comes
out of the sea bearing his nets
and his love in a droplet.
He feels the smack and hit of wind;
the flying upsplurge, the ducking, swallowing,
and rolling.
Always infinite stretching as plains stretch away, a battle
field never ending; dead rocking and sleeping.
A fisherman, dying, rests quietly
down below in gloom with weird
flappy cabbage plants hanging
loosely like hair that spreads
in fingers underneath the water.
Silent bodies swaying, saunter by,
he wanders in his underhouse
searching for shells and nothing more.

The farmer, hot, plows his fields,
nurtures the land with his fingers,
looks skyward, never daring to wrench
rain from the unhappy sky. Watches
over his little kingdom of swishing
stalks. (He smothers in the earth.)
Here, close to his heart, he must free them,
let them go down the world's waterways into the crying.
He struggles with himself and unthinking growing things—
he loves for today, but not tomorrow.

The logger scans the stalwart, steady, still.
Moving saws the heavy lift
and lets it go, crashing its way
to the man-made hell . . . to be slashed,
broken, defeated.
The logger, like a tree, is strong,
no enemy kills him. He will watch
for snakes and swamps, he will cut away all.
Only the sea, soil and sky move
forward. Masses of men flow onward,
fisherman, farmer and logger joining
the stream . . . and reaping, repeating
forever now.

Marcia Macnair.

A Woman

The stiff manner of my face
is because of
a loss I have known.
My soul is like a half-knitted hood
with the needle removed.
If I move too suddenly
all will unravel.

Jayne Berland.

I can't say anything as nice about Petley-Jones who comes from Edmonton but lives in London. What purpose is there in carrying over a measure of Alberta earth into England when it remains untouched and untouching? Petley-Jones' landscapes are rosy, sentimental, and as cheerful as they are anonymous, whether they depict a street in Paris or a street in Richmond. There is neither enough passion for the medium nor feeling for the place to make this painter in the least interesting.

Of the six painters in the George Waddington galleries five are in the same general young age group and at least three of them seem to have had their early training in the Toronto Technical school. All except Takao Tanabe live in Toronto, and several are members of the group *Painters II*. Marthe Rakine, who is older, received her youthful training in Paris and came to Canada about six years ago. She certainly shows the influence of Matisse. I liked her turbulent drawings of nudes, roosters and young girls.

The special quality of her painting lies in its ambiguity and suggestiveness. It was as though each painting really had something more important to do and would do it presently. Her gardens, arbors, open doors and still lifes are dipped in indirect but pervasive light, and her shapes are elongated and moving like objects seen through a window blurred with rain. More than anything, her pictures reminded me of a living room of the nineteen twenties; there was the same pleasant feeling of fringed lampshades, Persian chintzes and embroidered black silk cushions.

Robert Hedrick's eight paintings seemed to me essentially without heart despite their chaotic and tumultuous manner. He studied in Mexico but these paintings seem to belong to a cold season inside himself. I have yet to see one single Canadian painter whose painting was improved by a sojourn in Mexico. Living amidst elaborate death rites, primitive myths, hot sun and cactuses seems to bring out the worst in northerly painters and they don't succeed in expressing the inner essence of that paradoxical civilization.

I liked Tom Hodgson's color combinations and arrangements in *Green Texture Pattern*, but he also seemed to me disorderly and to be occupied with themes which did not interest me for purely subjective reasons. The titles of his paintings give some hint of his interests: *Non-Objective 2*, *Below Centre Grouping* and *Purple and Things* — all of which are painterly interests.

Tanabe and Nakamura are both painters who have attracted public attention. Both have a high degree of technical competence and when the painter has such a highly developed feeling for his medium along with an ability to use, transform and control it, the viewer can let himself go, and lean against the painting metaphorically. You trust these two painters and know there is no legerdemain here, no showing off, and no pretense. Nakamura's *Hemlocks* and *Evergreens*, sober, patient and unfaltering, were full of a good-tempered and friendly darkness — all the security of classicism. *Autumn Breeze* and *Thruway Bridge* are strong and delicate as his tradition.

Tanabe has three of his white paintings here; they are large panels, full of light and lightness, as unmistakably oriental in influence as they are decorative in use. I can't take them very seriously however, since this style of vast white space punctuated by whirls of color seems to represent an aspect of experience which is too remote from contemporary life. Into what regions can such a painting lead the viewer? Only inward to some absolute which is timeless and spaceless, but also fragmentary and separated from everything human.

Tanabe's realistic landscapes show that he isn't completely separated, and for fun he has two little chalk drawings called *The Proper Path to an Underground Undersea Underworld Cave* and *Reflections of Three Suns in the Light of a Full Moon*. I wish he hadn't divided this last one so definitely along its median, although I could see the conceptual reason for it.

Harold Town is another painter with poetic titles. His work attracted me more than any of the others, but I have some reservations about him as a painter. Last year a small gallery in town showed a group of his autographic lithographs. His technique is dazzling, his design imaginative and his dispersal of color and portioning of space almost faultless as far as I am concerned. Everything about these pictures, including their titles, is planful. Nothing is impulsive, although I am sure Mr. Town is the kind of painter who will seize a chance effect, capture and develop it. Perhaps what is most admirable about him — and it may be related to the process he uses — is the way he sustains a work to the very end without any falling off of intention. His statements, if you can call them that, come to completion, and this is a rare kind of responsibility to find in an artist.

Mr. Town's themes have the appeal of all that is contemporary. His *Walk Upside-Down in Memorial Square* makes us feel that this is the suggestion we have been waiting for, although we may have never actually thought of it. Town shows us what it would be like to be Captain Nemo, and convinces us that we have seen this man before. What this painter does with a bee objectifies forever the sound, look and feel of a bee — even its occupations. I still remember a picture called *Winter Comes to the Garden of Hokamura* and how it made me think that winter was indeed coming to all the walled-in gardens of the world, inside as well as outside.

Town's drawings — *Mountebank Pulling on Glove with his Teeth* and *Warrior Falling from a Wounded Horse*, are characteristically premeditated but not contemporary in feeling. The motive for them puzzles me. To draw a warrior in balloon pants falling off a horse in 1957 is the same thing as to write a sonnet which employs the archaic "thee" and "thou" in this day and age. Yet a number of writers seem to be donning this kind of literary mask for occasions, and it is interesting to find a similar development in painting.

All the same I can't help wondering if Harold Town's kind of wit and play of idea isn't something that the best commercial designers of the country do just as well. Maybe it is ungenerous of me to be so wary, for his lithographs not only came to the bus stop, but they rode all the way home with me and even followed me into my front hall with their clever conversation. I suppose there is no way out of this except to buy one of Mr. Town's lithographs. But this would prove my original suspicion about Mr. Town's talent to have been correct — that he is essentially a persuader — when I would much rather have my secret hope confirmed: that he is a real artist.

Ariel F. Sallows, Q.C.

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NORTH BATTLEFORD, SASKATCHEWAN

Film Review

► FURTHER CONSIDERATION of juvenile cults leads to an examination of a prize, *The James Dean Story*. This short-lived film is both absorbing and forceful, and far more revealing than its producers conceived. Its impact comes from its television technique of assembling filmed interviews of family and friends, old candid shots culled from many sources, screen tests, mementoes and letters, and a tour of the places — homes, bars, and schools — where he spent his mortal days. It should have been entitled *This Was Your Life*. Such documentary reporting gives an impression of immediacy that all the rest of the current series of biographies of screen personalities have lacked. It has an authenticity, however primed, that fictionalized reconstructions like those based on the lives of Lillian Roth, Buster Keaton, or Jeanne Eagels could not begin to achieve. Even the earnest effort to delineate the character and artistry of Lon Chaney in *The Man of a Thousand Faces* fails because no film clips of the real Chaney's work are introduced to allow the audience to make its own judgment. Episodes in a performer's life and career seen out of context do not make up the sum of a man or his art.

The James Dean Story will start no new cycle of film biography, however, because its purpose is so obviously commercial and its narrative so crassly purple. Any self-respecting movie magazine would blush to run this story. The omnipresent narrator hammers away at the viewer, telling him one thing while his eye tells him another. This split is never resolved but gradually the specious thinking and melodramatic poetry establish their own equilibrium. The feeling grows that these qualities reflect something of Dean's personality and certainly that of the cultists.

Like Elvis Presley, Dean is a product of rural America, in this case the mid-west. So the hollow-voiced commentator takes us first to the old fifteen-room farmhouse at Fairmount, Wabash County, Indiana, where he interviews Grandma Dean for the nation. Sitting amongst her afghans, a little uncertain and ill at ease, she conveys a note of incomprehension of either her grandson or the world outside Fairmount. "I get so much mail from Japan." On to high school and pictures of the high astigmatic youth, a failure in his attempts to be an athlete. But he recited at a State Forensic Meet with success and the familiar hopeful English teacher saw promise in him. "He really had a great imagination." As an adolescent he did a little drawing, and brooded over the tombstone of his mother who died when he was a baby. Then this lonely introverted farmer realized his desire to go to the University of California where he had a short career. Glimpse of two complacent fat-faced youths reflecting at length on a \$45 fraternity bill Dean left unpaid. He could not conform to frat rules and was ousted after a fist fight. The idea of bullying is slyly introduced, picking up a thread of latent aggression established earlier.

He gets the acting bug ("... he would be an actor to be the sea, a gull...") and goes to New York City to enroll in the Actor's Studio. Many compelling candid photos of him wandering the streets with his bongo drums over his shoulder, in his haunts and with his friends. A girl friend says, "I always had the feeling I should open the window and say 'Fly bird!'" A fellow actor describes rehearsals with him, "I'm supposed to say 'He acts a little strange,'" but how can I say he's strange when the son of a gun is crazy?" He makes an impression on Broadway as the sensuous Arab boy in a production of Gide's *The Immoralist* and through his connection with Elia Kazan goes to Hollywood to make a test. He is signed for *East of Eden* and given a dressing-room. In the midst of this cream-puff décor he keeps a gun in his

dressing table. Much is made of the supposed profundities of his next film, *Rebel Without a Cause*. He falls in love with a girl who remains nameless and she marries someone else, also nameless. He makes Hollywood acquaintances — a collection of unknown players and restaurant proprietors, shallow but evidently earning a good living in that golden land. To the muttering of bongo drums and the whine of fast cars the narrator declares, "His days thundered with the roar of his experiments." Quick cut to a picture of a bull-fighter being gored.

Is our hero happy now that is a big star? No, he must pursue the "search for oneself." He returns to Fairmount to find his roots and in his eagerness for self-analysis he tape-records his talks with his family; dry cracker-barrel Americana, impassive faces and flat voices. The hayseed in the family tree which is supposed to have sprouted this rare orchid was his great-grandfather who was famous over the state as an auctioneer. The family discusses him and sagely attributes his success to his sincerity; "fakes kill auctioneers" and insincerity kills performers. Dean rustles through old letters in the attic, and visits that tombstone: Question—"Why don't you think you deserve something?" Answer—"Because I'm bad. She wouldn't have died if I hadn't been bad."

Back to Hollywood. *Giant* showed them that "... for all his evil, a man can still show beauty." He makes a traffic safety film for the Los Angeles police in which he exits with a giggle after saying, "Take it easy driving—the life you save may be mine." Then comes the fatal day of the death ride in his new sports car—"He knew someone would feed his cat while he was gone." At 100 miles an hour James Byron Dean smashed into a car driven by a man named Turnipseed. Picture of dead gull bobbing on the waves of the infinite sea.

Epilogue by narrator: "Of all the harvest grown, the most plentiful was the boy himself... What was the summation of this life? He despised the things he was and loved the things he was trying to become... His genius was his capacity to touch an audience. He was able to express the inexpressible emotions we all have... Perhaps he learned that violent people are weak people, only the gentle are ever strong." NARRATED BY MARTIN GABELL. WRITTEN BY STEWART STERN. Fade out with song "Let me be Loved."

These pictures from the life of James Dean suggest genuine tragedy. Even the script, which is trash, is fascinating. Just as fascinating are the explanations offered by the ancient narrator. A utilitarian culture must have a reasonable explanation for everything and currently, à la Time magazine, all aberrations of personality and mysteries of art and soul can be adequately dealt with under some handy Freudian label. Dean's mother died and he felt guilty, orphan-like he was a crazy mixed-up kid who needed love. Q.E.D. But the fear remains in the conservative Hollywood financial breast that the latent hostility in Dean's nature, found in any adolescent not petrified at birth, really made him an undesirable character. This may be the usual sanctimonious moralizing of conventionally-minded public relations writers, or it may be the businessman's basic mistrust of the contiguous artist-rebel personality. At any rate the author of this film denied himself a particularly juicy flight of fancy when he failed to end with John Minton's painting of Dean's fantastically mangled car. Minton was working on it when he took his own life because he felt that Picasso could not be equalled. But assuredly there must be a neat little label to explain this too.

JOAN FOX

Radio and Television

► **HARDLY ANYONE** would dispute that the world is full of choices for the individual, but most people would agree that in the public domain of mass communications the alternatives are narrower. When a producer occasionally takes a chance on an unpopular or painful issue — as Ross MacLean did when he presented an interview with a homosexual (CBC Television 10 P.M., October 13) — then he deserves our admiration.

Elaine Grand's interview with an anonymous homosexual in England (apropos of the Wolfenden Report) was only one of several documented news items on *Close-Up*. J. Frank Willis was the commentator, and his manner, which is adult and unaffected, set the tone for the program.

The other items were a report of an election in San Marino, a discussion on faith healing between a faith healer, a psychiatrist and a minister, and a piece of irony about a B.C. roads minister who was in trouble for speeding. All the presentations were characterized by their actuality. It was clearly the producer's intention to emphasize this aspect rather than taking a short cut to the heart of the public via pity, bathos, and all the rest of the journalistic claptrap so dear to our television dramatics.

Unfortunately Elaine Grand did not seem quite at ease with her homosexual interviewee. This was apparent in the hushed tones she used to address Mr. X., which were more appropriate to a sick-room than a television studio. The photography was poorly lighted and made Miss Grand's pixie bangs look slightly out of place with her reverential voice, somber dress, and serious subject. Her questions were good ones, though, and together with Mr. X's answers they covered the important aspects of the homosexual's problem.

Mr. X. sat with his back to the audience. The dice were loaded in that he represented the ideal type of well-adjusted homosexual who is seldom encountered in everyday life. Mr. X. was a doctor, leading a socially useful existence, and the fact that he was allowing himself to be interviewed showed his sense of self-acceptance as well as a responsible wish to interpret this problem to the public. His answers were rational, honest, and uncolored by any feeling of persecution, and his voice and bearing were masculine and educated.

The particular prejudices which Miss Grand aimed at dislodging from the minds of the viewers were, first: the obvious one that homosexuals are effeminate; second: that they don't lead socially useful lives; third: that they are normally depraved and given to corrupting young men and boys; fourth: that they are homosexual by choice and intention and don't see their sex deviation as a problem.

Mr. X. contradicted all these stereotyped notions. He had the ordinary masculine characteristics, had made a successful vocational adjustment, admitted that his sex deviation was a problem for which he had twice sought psychiatric help, and mentioned that he had renounced a meaningful homosexual attachment at some personal cost to himself because of existing social laws and attitudes. He also volunteered that he had not been corrupted by an older man, and although he believed that a voluntary homosexual relationship between two adults should no longer be regarded as a criminal offense (as it is at present in both England and Canada), he certainly condemned all such relationships which involved minors.

Most viewers could probably accept all this as long as their attitude towards homosexuality was no more prejudiced than towards any other kind of sex deviation. Why should a homosexual offense against a minor be thought worse than a heterosexual one? The idea of older men

corrupting younger ones can be answered by the argument that here, as in other sex relationships, it takes two to make a seduction, and the homosexual who involves a younger man is no worse than the fifty year old *pere de famille* who seduces a seventeen-year-old servant girl. It hardly needs to be repeated that the degree of moral condemnation in each case is a reflection of our culture and the social institutions which are being threatened.

But suppose that homosexuality were no longer to be a criminal offense; the legal stigma would be removed, but the social stigma and the clandestine element would probably always remain, and these are factors that have a profound psychological effect on any relationship. This is especially true of homosexual relationships where the partners must bear all the guilt of their difference in their own individual souls.

I noticed one major fallacy in Mr. X's presentation of the problem. He implied that homosexuality is a God-given affliction or an illness for which the individual cannot be blamed. If you happen to believe with Jung that, "the giver of all given conditions resides in ourselves", this interpretation shifts too much responsibility outside the individual. Homosexuality as it occurs in our culture represents a developmental arrest, or lag, in the individual's emotional life. From the Freudian point of view it is understood as an oedipal problem, and should therefore be capable of resolution through psychoanalysis. From the point of view of a non-Freudian psychology, homosexuality can be understood more generally as a failure or inability to accept the two-sidedness and polarity, not only of sex, but of life itself.

Either way, such a major disturbance in a man's close personal relationships is bound to affect other areas of his personality. This was the larger issue which Mr. X. sidestepped, but he made it clear that his acceptance of himself as a man with a problem has enabled him to live peacefully with it, while his discussion on television has undoubtedly helped others to respect his right to do so.

MIRIAM WADDINGTON.

Correspondence

The Editor: In your October issue, Michael Oliver, writing on Murdochville, refers to Megantic as "the home of Quebec's asbestos miners", records the political history of that district before and after the Asbestos strike of 1949, and says that, if workers in Megantic had responded at all to union leaders, the provincial government's majority in the September 18th by-election "might have been expected to fall to something like the post-Asbestos level", instead of being increased as it was. He notes finally "that the Asbestos workers union called on its members to vote against the government without a word of praise or support for the Liberals", and concludes "that a more dynamic alternative to the Union Nationale is required than that provided by the provincial Liberal Party".

It is true that there are asbestos mines in Megantic, but Asbestos itself, the scene of the 1949 strike, is in Richmond. This fact does not contradict Mr. Oliver's general conclusions, but it does modify them. Megantic is an older and somewhat more conservative community, from which there has been some migration to Richmond. (As one example, my grandfather and father were born in Megantic, but I was born in Richmond!)

In Richmond the workers have responded to their union leaders. Before the 1949 strike this was a Union Nationale county, but in the two subsequent elections (1952 and 1956) it has gone Liberal. Moreover, the successful Liberal

member for Richmond since 1952, Emilien Lafrance, is as dynamic an alternative to the Union Nationale candidates as it is possible to be. Although he is not an asbestos miner himself, the workers could not have a more enthusiastic champion in the Legislature.

I would readily agree, however, that in this respect M. Lafrance is not very typical of his party as a whole. If he were, it would be much easier for the unions to support the Liberal Party in other districts. The fall of the St. Laurent government makes it possible for the Liberals to become once again a nationalist party in Quebec. But whether it will have any effect on their social and economic policies is another question. It may.

Gordon O. Rothney,
St. John's, Newfoundland.

Turning New Leaves

► THE TWO BOOKS*, though they have a common focus—Yugoslavia—are drastically different, both insofar as their subject and the background of the authors are concerned. Sir Fitzroy Maclean, a member of Parliament, former diplomat and the head of the wartime mission to the Partisans, has written a political biography of Tito; Milovan Djilas, himself a product of Titoism, once a key man in Tito's entourage, now a condemned and imprisoned opponent of the Yugoslav Communist regime, has written a book of reflections on the present and future evolution of Communism. In both cases it is the strange phenomenon of Yugoslavia, a rebel Communist state, which provides the main question behind the two books. Is Yugoslavia's defection a portent of things to come, and if so in what way? Is Communism everywhere likely to become "national" and less dependent on the "Fatherland of Socialism?" Is Communism itself in the process of degeneration or does Yugoslavia demonstrate that it can regenerate itself in a new direction?

These questions are posed and answered directly by Mr. Djilas, who has had the practical advantage of having been first an architect and then a victim of Titoism. In MacLean's book they appear indirectly behind the narrative of Tito's life, his break with Moscow, and his present tortuous relations with the allegedly de-Stalinized regime.

Sir Fitzroy's approach is pragmatic. He is more interested in personalities than in what is usually described as forces of history. It is the Balkan temperament rather than Marxist mentality which provides most of the answers for him; not the obscure complexities of dialectic and the ratio of investments to production but the more tangible facts of power, pride and national feeling. Tito's career is traced with a wealth of details not found in any other treatment of the subject up to this date. The author's personal experiences and his ties with the Yugoslavs, which were not sundered by the end of the war, make it a vivid portrait. Since MacLean is a superb writer the full-scale dimensions of the man and his movement come out more clearly than they would in a book by an academician discoursing about "issues," "ideological forces," etc. One gets something of the feeling of the Balkan politics and society, of the desperate struggle of the Partisans in the mountains and forests of Yugoslavia during the war, and of the strong hatreds and elations which moved the main actors of the drama of winning Yugoslavia for Communism, and of preserving it from Stalin's designs. Thus the defection of Zhujovich, Tito's second in command during the war, who in 1948 banked on the Russians and became their agent, is portrayed not only as that of a man who was incapable of

conceiving that his idol Stalin could be wrong, but also as a result of a personal grudge of a man who became alienated from his friends and who for some time before the break with the U.S.S.R. would no longer drop in on Tito for an evening drink. And the crisis of 1948, which astounded the world, is found not only in the exploitation and domineering by the Russians, but also, if not mainly, in the eye-opening experiences of humiliation and contempt to which the Yugoslav notables were exposed during their post-war visits to Moscow. The brutality and coarseness with which Stalin and his servants treated their Yugoslav comrades are compared with the happy mixture of friendliness and pomp with which Tito was to be entertained in London in 1948, and already during the war the Partisan leaders had been able to contrast the stuffiness of the Soviet officers accredited to them with the cheerful comradeship of the British mission.

Now, there are certain and obvious dangers in the approach of Maclean to problems of contemporary history. His approach is preferable to a dreary exegesis of ideological statements and counterstatements and of production figures. But there is no denying that the Yugoslavs operated within the context of Marxist ideology, and that they were and still are endowed with the elusive but nonetheless real thing, namely Marxist mentality. To Maclean, the personal bravery and indomitable spirit of the Yugoslav leaders, and there can be no arguing about it, explains much and excuses more. But bravery and courage in the face of overwhelming odds are not the sum total of moral virtues. Strongly attracted to the Partisan leaders, his wartime comrades at arms, Maclean tends to see the same virtues in them once they become Communist leaders of a state. They are bold and courageous even if their essential goodwill is somewhat confused by their general political naiveté and their quasi-religious Communist fervor. Thus Sir Fitzroy glosses over, largely because he sometimes takes the Yugoslav Communists' statements at their face value, the incredible arrogance and expansionist tendencies of Tito's Yugoslavia in the immediate post-war period. It was then that Tito and his entourage envisioned themselves as the Soviet viceroys over all of the Balkans. He accepts too readily the Yugoslavs' assertions that they never intended to absorb Albania, and that they were not readying, when they thought they had the Russians' approval, the same fate for Bulgaria. It is as a matter of fact more than likely that Stalin's veto of Yugoslavia's expansion (masquerading as a Balkan Union) just as the Russians' unwillingness to risk war with the West over Tito's pretensions to Trieste, were among the reasons why the top Yugoslav Communists became disillusioned with the Soviet Union. It is not that Sir Fitzroy is "taken in" by the Yugoslav Communists; it is simply that his somewhat Churchillian view of history is indulgent toward certain types of political rascality, if they are accompanied by personal courage and good humor of its perpetrators. In the Balkans he finds persons and situations which resemble those of Tudor England, and perhaps it is true that one cannot judge them by the strict criteria of 19th century liberalism.

Yet, despite all its shortcomings, Maclean's book remains by far the best account of Tito's rise to power and of his tortuous dealings with the Russians. And the value of the work is enhanced by the vivid style of the narrative, rivalling the author's earlier *Eastern Approaches*, and by his restraint in passing judgment on men who, as he says, have had to struggle with dilemmas and conflicts of loyalty which have been spared to a citizen of a Western democracy.

No such restraint is evidenced by Djilas in his treatise. His work is a passionate indictment of Communism, and the condemnation of Titoism is only to a degree less severe

*DISPUTED BARRICADE: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JOSIP BROZ-TITO: Fitzroy MacLean; Clarke, Irwin, pp. 480; \$5.00.
THE NEW CLASS: AN ANALYSIS OF THE COMMUNIST SYSTEM: Milovan Djilas; Burns & McEachern, pp. 214; \$4.75.

than that of Stalinism. One of the architects of Yugoslav Communism, one of the two or three people closest to the dictator, Djilas chose voluntarily to set himself in opposition to the official "line," and he has persevered in protest though it toppled him from the highest positions in the state and the Party and brought him poverty and finally imprisonment. Why? Certainly not democratic idealism as such. Political oppression and the denial of freedom in Yugoslavia in 1953-57, when Djilas made his stand, though real and considerable were not as great as during the preceding eight years when the author had been the leading ideologist of the regime and its propaganda chief. Nor is his indictment a new and suddenly constructed political theory which he offers in place of Marxism. The main points of Djilas' analysis: that Communism extirpates freedom and that it makes a mockery of the classless society, are well known and accepted by a great majority of the subjects of the Communist regimes, including, one may be sure, a goodly number of Party members. His book, a moving profession of faith by a courageous and idealistic man, contains absolutely nothing new and it is foolish to advertise it as a profound treatise in political theory, or a dramatic revelation of the evils of Communism. Its real interest, apart from the human drama, lies in what it reveals about Communist mentality both in Yugoslavia and elsewhere.

For Djilas was evidently the type of Communist common enough during the early stages of revolution but practically extinct in the "settled" Communist regimes: an "activist" and revolutionary. For such a man, Communism meant a constant movement, struggle and effort. And the regime where the revolutionary band of brothers was transformed into a ruling oligarchy which reigned on the top of a bureaucracy, and which was not slow in beginning to enjoy the good things of life as legitimate appurtenances of power could not but prove distasteful. That type of Communist has long been extinct in Russia and not readily found elsewhere. But in Yugoslavia the older generation of Communists had been liquidated before the war, partly by the old regime's police, partly during the slaughter of foreign Communists which took place in Moscow in the latter 'thirties. And during the war under the trying conditions of partisan struggle, a new generation of Communist leaders grew up around Tito, himself almost the only remaining link with the older Comintern-trained generation. The youngsters, many of whom in their twenties and thirties were soon to occupy the most important positions in the Party and state, shared in the adulation of the "old man" — Tito — and an uncritical worship of the distant Fatherland of Socialism. The immediate postwar reconstruction of Yugoslavia reflected the uncritical enthusiasm of the top group: Yugoslavia was converted into a totalitarian Communist state faster and by more brutal means than any other of the satellites. The new group of which Djilas was the typical representative was not strong in Marxian economics or in practical experience of running a state, but they were united (wonder of wonders in a Communist oligarchy where everybody spies on those closest to him and is in turn spied upon) by strong bonds of friendship cemented by the common experience during the war. Thus, during the severe test of the strength of the regime: the Soviet attempt to subvert Tito, the new group clung to Tito and the only defections of note were two Communist dignitaries of the older generation whose defection in turn was probably largely motivated by their previous exclusion from real power shared by Tito and his boys.

The Yugoslav Communist Party, because of the character of its leadership, was ready to confront its dangerous situation after 1948 not only with confidence but with elation. If

one reads the official propaganda immediately after the Soviet-Yugoslav break, much of it signed by Djilas, one is struck by the note of uncritical enthusiasm exuded by the people who were politically and ideologically isolated and who were, at least until 1950-51, in an imminent danger of being attacked by an overwhelming military power. "They" were going to show the Russians what real socialism means; "their" socialism was going to be democratic and purified of the Stalinist accretions, a model to all the non-Russian Communists. It sufficed a few years and the disappearance of the threat of an immediate attack by the Soviet Union to expose the hollowness of the Yugoslavs' pretensions. No major Communist group followed the defiance of Moscow, not until, at any rate, extreme Stalinism became unfashionable in the U.S.S.R. The much advertised internal reforms in Yugoslavia have not affected the essence of totalitarian regime. Internally, Tito's state settled down to a bureaucratic pattern, more humane and restrained than before 1948, more popular among the masses of the population than before, for it was no longer a Russian puppet, but still essentially a police state relying for support on the officeholders and mass indoctrination. Far from achieving a high level of industrialization, Yugoslavia avoided an economic catastrophe only because of extensive aid from the West. Industrialization planned on a grandiose and impractical scale as late as 1949 had to be slowed down, and a cardinal reform for any Communist regime, collectivization, was finally completely given up.

In its foreign relations, Tito's Yugoslavia had to give up the dream of becoming the nucleus of independent socialist states. Stalin's death in 1953 enabled Tito to start playing power politics: to balance the West against the U.S.S.R. with whom his relations have assumed the aspect of the proverbial unhappy marriage: quarrels and reconciliations, endearing compliments and recriminations succeeding each other. In brief, by 1954 the heroic days of Yugoslav Communism, both as fundamentalist version of the creed and as the original prototype of National Communism, were over. What remained was the reality of a dictatorial regime clinging to power, with all the accompanying features of a complacent bureaucracy, the police state, etc.

It is that evolution which is erected by Djilas into a theoretical pattern of degeneration of every Communist regime. Eventually the Communists are bound to become like every ruling class. Only this ruling class is not only content to own the means of production and to rule the state: it compels complete uniformity of thought, it is more repressive and brutal than any previous ruling class in history. But one might object, and the Yugoslav leaders

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probably so expostulated in their private conversations with Djilas, what road should the Yugoslav regime take? The Communist regime could not last long if political democracy were introduced in Yugoslavia: Tito's qualified approval of Russia's actions in Hungary is also practical politics insofar as Yugoslavia's position in the world of 1956-57 is concerned. What remains of Yugoslavia's Communism, the rationale of the Yugoslav Communists holding on to their jobs and of the privations of the rest of the population, if not the intermittent and qualified statements of solidarity with the U.S.S.R.? And, they could add, what would be the result of free political life? Certainly the example of pre-war Yugoslavia, which had a parliament of sorts and political parties, is not encouraging.

To all such counsels of political realism and cynicism Djilas has resolutely refused to listen. For him Communism is already obsolete and the new ruling class will, before long, share the fate of its predecessors. But his book is more than a document of an idealist's intransigence. It is a testimony of a frustration which besets the Communist world but which is not absent on the other side. If ideological fire is gone out of Communism and it is now another system of power and oligarchy, and we knew that long before Djilas' book, what remains of the creed and where will it find new Djilas to carry on the revolutions and indoctrination? Does it mean, however, that the West has a magic formula for introducing democratic institutions into countries which have had no previous training in democracy, and which are only now socially and economically entering the 20th century?

Djilas' book has this revealing sideline that only the extreme disillusionment with Communism and the contacts with foreign Communists led him to study Western political and economic literature and to overcome the narrow bounds of his Marxist indoctrination. And perhaps a more thorough effort to understand our own institutions and to propagate the knowledge of them more widely will spare some talented men the pain and frustration of discovering the truth about Communism only after they had foisted the edifice of Communism upon their own countries.

ADAM B. ULAM.

Books Reviewed

Letters

FLAUBERT: Anthony Thorlby; VERHAEREN: P. Mansell Jones; British Book Service, pp. 63; \$1.30 each.

This is indeed a neatly balanced ration, the nay-sayer Flaubert and the yea-sayer Verhaeren. It might seem that there was little new to say about the author of *Madame Bovary*, but Mr. Thorlby manages to put his art in a quite new light by showing how his famous "style" is determined (1) by his sense of the meaninglessness of life, (2) by the necessity nevertheless of creating "something of significance which would yet be true to a genuine conviction of nothingness." The result is the ironical "ambiguity" (blessed word of our time!) of his style, "the perception of which depended on the subtle nuance of word and phrase." Thorlby discusses *L'Education Sentimentale*, *Salammô* and the *Tentation de Saint-Antoine* from this point of view relatively briefly, then concentrates his analytical powers on *Madame Bovary*, *Bouvard et Pécuchet* and *Un Coeur Simple*, the last of which he considers—and who will disagree with him?—Flaubert's "undisputed masterpiece." His long discussion of *Madame Bovary* can perhaps best be summed up in the following quotation: "Flaubert's narrative dwells almost continuously on the more or less ambiguous meaning of experience; the reader is repeatedly made to feel its emotional significance

and to see its annihilating triviality." Of *Bouvard et Pécuchet*, the *pons asinorum* for most readers of Flaubert, he says: "Here the absurdity of the world and the absurdity of ideas cannot be measured against anything more reliably real than their [*i.e.*, the protagonists'] own absurdity of mind. There is only one external standpoint and that is the pure artistry with which Flaubert, quite impersonally, depicts this ambiguous state of affairs." Mr. Thorlby finds in this nihilism of Flaubert a sinister significance for the modern novel (and perhaps the most striking of twentieth-century novels tend to bear him out. *Bouvard et Pécuchet* is, so to speak, a book about why realistic art is no longer possible, satirizing the death of any really significant vision of the world—satirizing, in effect, itself." It seems regrettable that, in view of Mr. Thorlby's insistence on the positive side of Flaubert, the beauty of his style, which he says compensates for the nihilism of the subject-matter, there is relatively little quotation from the novels; the close, abstract analysis, often almost metaphysical in its tenuous subtlety, unrelied by concrete illustration, tends to become very exacting. This is a book for those who already know Flaubert; they will undoubtedly find it very rewarding, not only for the light it throws on their author but for its penetrating insight into the problems and dilemmas of the modern novelist.

Mr. Thorlby's intimation that Flaubert's pessimism, rather than the "progressive" optimism of the nineteenth century, pointed in the direction of the main stream of modern thought, seems to be borne out by the fact that Flaubert is still a very live subject, whereas who knows today the name of Verhaeren, the Belgian, who at the turn of the century was among the most widely-read of the poets writing in French and whose works were translated into many other languages? This apostle of vitalism and enthusiastic affirmation deserves, however, not to be forgotten, for, as "the whirligig of taste" revolves, his day may come again. Here we have an eloquent yet discerning tribute to him by the scholar best qualified as an authority in the English-speaking world, the poet's old friend and admirer, Professor Mansell Jones of the University of Manchester. Professor Jones calls Verhaeren "by far the most passionate singer of life to have used the French language since Hugo," and the mention of his great predecessor indicates exactly the family of spirits to which Verhaeren belongs. He has the *brio* but also the fatal facility and sometimes the fatuity of Hugo. In *Les Villes Tentaculaires* he was perhaps the first poet to see the significance of the urbanization of the countryside. His socialist convictions made him realize the grimmer side of this tendency, yet his faith in progress and in "scientisme" triumphed in *La Multiple Splendeur*. "The generosity of his hope seems to have prevented any suspicion from arising in his mind that the powers liberated by modern science would be concentrated, before the new century was half-way through, in the most frightful engine of destruction known in the history of invention . . . Verhaeren saw with incomparable breadth what Zweig called 'all manifestations of the modernity of his day.' But did he see *through* them? Let us recall Baudelaire's famous theory of civilization: 'It is not in gas or in steam or in turning table. It is in the diminution of the traces of original sin.' Has he (Verhaeren) any criticism of comparable depth to offer?" If Verhaeren is at the opposite pole from Flaubert in his world-view, the same holds true of his feeling for style. Rémy de Gourmont pointed out that his great fault is a lack of precision in terms and in design. "Hence in the writing much confusion and indefiniteness, a flood of inexact words and insubstantial fustian, an enormous amount of artifice, and parts that are simply vulgar and flat."

Is the defeat of Verhaeren's optimism and the triumph of Flaubert's pessimism to be the last word on the legacy of the nineteenth century to the twentieth? Is the broader and deeper approach of the great Russians—Turgenev, Tolstoy, Dostoevsky—forgotten? Such grave questions are raised by the fortuitous encounter of these two little books on the reviewer's table.

A. F. B. Clark.

POETRY IN OUR TIME: Babette Deutsch; Columbia University Press; pp. 411; \$5.75.

Miss Deutsch's book can be conceded to be the best critical survey of modern poetry covering both the British and American poets. Its first edition was published five years ago; and the present revision, with some additions bringing the book up-to-date, and some omissions also, has the imprint of Columbia where Miss Deutsch is now teaching a course on her subject.

The book is not a factual or historical survey, like that of Gregory and Zaturenska on American Poetry; nor does it offer any specific thesis or interpretation. Falling somewhere between the chronological history and the searching discussion of ideas, it may be described as a book of "sound critical opinions," at its weakest points a chain of book reviews, at its best an "Apollonian" critical evaluation of the poets.

Lacking the factual detail — dates, titles of books, etc. — the 1952 edition contained a useful calendar of events and publications as an appendix; this has unfortunately been omitted from the present text. The discussion of ideas, so far as these do appear, is somewhat rudderless: one suspects Miss Deutsch's rationalist and liberal views to be concealed somewhere in the background, but her treatment of such things as Eliot's religious ideas and of the political divisions among the poets is so academically neutral that one may wonder sometimes whose judgments and attitudes these are, whether Miss Deutsch's or those of some hypothetical intelligence. A more genuine critical personality peeps through a sentence on "those unable to share his (Eliot's) faith, who repudiate a God with the features of a sadistically-minded merchant, and who fail to read the sum of human wisdom in renunciation." But this is not the tenor of the book.

Since there is nothing original in the system of judgments and ideas Miss Deutsch offers (her book reads like a well-cooked potpourri of the pet themes and problems of critics in *Partisan Review*, *Kenyon Review*, and *Poetry* magazine over a period of several decades), the scheme of organization becomes superficial, tracing irrelevant hairlines of influence. It presents in each chapter one or two poets of stature and follows this with a treatment of poets who derive from or appear to be analogous to the great man. The result is that dozens of minor poets are shown hanging on the major poet's tail, without compliment to either party. (I am sure, for instance, that Mr. Roethke, for one, does not enjoy being attached to Eliot's tail; though Miss Deutsch does her best to avoid offense by this technique of subordination.) Also, one is often irritated by dull digression from a leading discussion (of Yeats, or Frost) into two pages about a would-be disciple or analogue. The practice creates a dangerous drift toward mediocrity, as when a paragraph on Marianne Moore is followed by four pages of quotation and comment on her minor derivatives, Elizabeth Bishop and Jean Garrigue. (Miss Deutsch, in general, is least dependable on the women poets.) The fact is that poets are often guilty of the fault of automatic imitation; but this venial sin is no excuse for classifying them into infernal bolges.

Paradoxically, the derogatory scheme of organization (it has been approved by Auden, but then he figures as a major poet, a pater-familias) comes of a genuine desire to give as much attention as possible to the set of unknown younger



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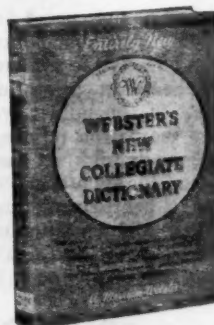
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poets always hungering for inclusion and recognition. This generosity is in fact the source of some drastic misjudgments in a book otherwise as dependable as Legouis and Cazamian. Thus David Jones has the "wide allusiveness" of *Finnegans Wake*, "a firmer grasp of history than the *Cantos*, and a more solidly based religiosity than the quartets." Ezra Pound's *Rock Drill Cantos* are "a didactic boring, barely redeemed by the handsome Chinese ideographs and Egyptian hieroglyphs . . ." etc.; while Kenneth Slade Alling shows "restraint and intensity," Ben Belitt writes "precise and sonorous lyrics," and Mrs. Cornford is full of "compassion" . . . "always civilized." All this within the same three pages of criticism.

(Two Canadians appear in this survey of modern poetry, on the principle just described: Patrick Anderson and Ralph Gustafson. In fact, an entire poem of Anderson's is quoted — in the course of a chapter on Imagist poetry! — though its distressing image goes over the head of Miss Deutsch. Anderson's fluidity and delightful verbosity was always less like Imagism, as Ezra Pound defined it, than like the pink floss Cotton Candy sold at amusement parks; but then, Canadian poetry is outside Miss Deutsch's province.)

Laying the book aside, one seeks for a conclusion. It is now the fashion to deny that modern poetry exists, to protest that it was not a revolution of any kind, but just "poetry"; as of course it is, but poetry with very special characteristics; and the retreat from the battle that the modernizers fought has led the recent critics to deny the very object and ideal of the battle. It is no easy thing to define that ideal. Despite all that has been written and said about modernism, we do not yet understand its "essence of being" as we understand, or think we do, the Romantic Movement or the Elizabethans. We do not yet have a Schlegel's Lectures on modern poetry. Eliot's *Essays*, Spender's *The Destructive Element*, David Daiches' *Poetry and the Modern World*, are the kind of books that provide grist to the mill of digestion and reflection. Others provide facts, poems, case histories (Crane and Thomas), or battle flares of opinion. Babette Deutsch spends much time on irrelevant names and pursues no organizing concept in her book; but her survey of modern poetry is filled with all those ideas so important, and by now familiar, to the intellectuals of our time; it provides sound, well-balanced judgments on most of the poets (even on Ezra Pound), so that her work should be extremely helpful to those who need a companion to their Untermeyer or Oscar Williams (better, to their Collected Yeats, Frost, etc.), while to students it will be indispensable.

L. D.

THE COMMON MUSE: An Anthology of Popular British Ballad Poetry, XVth-XXth Century: edited by Vivian de Sola Pinto and A. E. Rodway; Clarke Irwin; \$5.25.

"What is a patron?" said Samuel Johnson, and stayed for a withering answer. Yet a patron shepherds into public notice someone who deserves it and would not receive it without help. Is it odd that "patronizing" should be one of our nastier words? Johnson saw the client arrived in the public eye encumbered with help; anyone can see the patron refusing to put aside his patronage when it has done its work. At that point, probably, "patronizing" begins, and the sponsoring of the new man turns in a subtle form to belittlement, unintended, perhaps, but nonetheless effective. The position of patron has changed now, but the ambiguous quality of his job unfortunately remains. The introduction of this book is a case in point.

The patron's job is now quite often filled by the man who is editor or critic, or sometimes both. In *The Common Muse* we have a pair of editors patronizing the popular ballad—

"street ballad" as they call it, to distinguish it from the now-respectable "folk ballads"—and writing an introduction on it. The selection of ballads is pleasant, with the right quantity of surprises (Dickens, Blake, and "The Old Monk", among others), the editing is unobtrusive, the poems as a whole as entertaining as they could want. I shall enjoy having this book in my library, and I feel I shall read it often, for the kind of unimportant delight that anybody values in light reading. But the introduction is at the same game of belittling its subject by praise in over-scrupulous detail that Addison gave classic expression to in his papers on "Chevy Chase".

For example:

"The desire for a rural retreat seems to spring from a genuine psychological need rather than a mere graceful fantasy." "The shortening of the second line of this couplet is . . . a consummate stroke of art." "The swagger only half-conceals a disgusted awareness of the rake's superficiality." "This is, doubtless, brutal, but apt and aesthetically adequate to the character and situation. It attempts neither to raise nor to lower the subject to any other plane than its own . . ."

This is trying to dignify a perfectly good mouse with a royal crown: it doesn't work. When Sidney confesses his own barbarousness and his heart more moved than with a trumpet, we believe in "Chevy Chase"; when Addison tries to convince us that it is just and right so to believe, who is not led to imagine the poem pretty paltry stuff? Fashions in poetry change, and the editors of *The Common Muse* are suitably modern in their critical approvals, and more restrained than Addison, but the effect is much the same. But the introduction is, after all, only a small part of a book the charm of whose other contents can make us all confess our own barbarousness for a while.

One other word: *The Common Muse* has apparently been too common or too free for full public appearance. There are two editions, public and limited, and the delightful bawdiness of the poems in the appendices (about one-quarter of the whole) is missing from the public edition. It is a pity.

David Knight.

VOSS: Patrick White; Macmillan Company; pp. 442; \$5.75.

"Voss" is a weird novel, the language strangely stilted and the plot interlaced with descriptions of paranoid visions. It has a certain moral power and earnestness which sets it apart from the ordinary novel, and a measure of originality, but whatever it is that Mr. White is attempting to communicate becomes a very tortured message indeed.

The love story, though one hesitated to call it that, is predicated on the possibility of the deepest intuitive knowledge of one another existing between two people who meet only three times, twice fleetingly, and only once succeed in verbal communication. This sort of relationship is used by Robert Graves in "Wife to Mr. Milton" but Graves does not strain our credulity as much. Here all is torture, separation, trial, illness and madness even. Nowhere in this novel is there joy, humour or light and deep love brings only suffering. The normally sensuous are accounted soulless by their author and we know the worthy by their crowns of thorn. The overall resemblance of his picture to a sombre gothic crucifixion is not accidental, and all the parallels are underlined.

Voss himself is the leader of a doomed expedition to the heart of Australia in the days before that continent was explored. To the harrowing record of an ill-equipped cavalcade, starved, burned by the sun, rotted by wet, undermined by disease, beset by demons, haunted by dreams and nightmares, ill, broken, demoralized and led by a visionary

half-god, half-devil, is added minute descriptions of physical illness, disease, decay, death and mutilation by savages, and it is inferred, the salvation of certain souls by these means.

Although this may be a sincere delving into the irrational one feels that having got this book out of his system Mr. White at any rate will feel better even if we, his readers, may not. If however you have a strong taste for morbidity and enjoy poetic description of mental torture and derangement, this may fascinate you and the other members of the Book of the Month Club for whom it has been infelicitously chosen.

Hilda Kirkwood

Public Affairs

FORESTS AND FRENCH SEA POWER 1660-1789;
Paul Walden Bamford; University of Toronto Press;
pp. 192; \$5.00.

The proposition that England's rise to greatness was a simple reflection of her sea power has become almost an article of faith among English peoples. Historians have explained to successive generations of school children just how it came to pass that England ruled the seas. "English geography explains English sea power," says the determinist. "No, no. It was the English love of the sea," says the historian who is above determinism, and holds that national character determines everything. The confidence and great authority with which the teaching is expounded help to make up for its lack of content. I sometimes think that it must be hard for a school child to understand why England's power is on the wane, for, after all, the English coastline is as long as it ever was, and the Englishman as indomitable as ever.

Three contemporary English-speaking historians have, greatly daring, undertaken to subject the Ark of Covenant to scientific investigation. It is to their credit, moreover, that they have resisted what must have been a great temptation to debunk. Our cherished belief, indeed, survives the ordeal surprisingly well; but in becoming familiar with the great complexity and the frequent frailty of the foundations of sea power we realize by what a narrow margin we have escaped disillusionment.

Thirty years ago Professor R. G. Albion, in his *Forests and Sea Power*, showed how England in the face of a growing timber shortage at home, nevertheless provided herself with the masts, timbers, and planking that built the ships that built the Empire. Professor G. S. Graham, in his *Empire of the North Atlantic*, published in 1950, examined the comparative history of French and British seapower in (to quote his subtitle) "The Maritime Struggle for North America". He was a little hard on some of the cruder formulations of the faith; he argued that naval strength reflected the size of naval appropriations—never mind the humbug of a long coastline and love of the sea. Professor Bamford has now admirably complemented these two earlier studies by probing into the timber supply problem in France, thus doing for France, though only up to 1789, what Albion did for England. The importance of the subject dealt with by these three authors, each from a different but related point of view, can hardly be overstated. They are not dealing with the production and consumption of wooden ships. They are dealing with the very stuff of national power. Economics, public administration, the military mind, foreign affairs, and imperial policy all become involved in most intimate ways with masts and timber in 17th and 18th century Europe. It is surprising how often one thinks of aeroplanes and guided missiles when one is reading of wooden ships.

Professor Bamford's book is first rate. He has been careful not to duplicate the material contained in the other two volumes mentioned above. His short opening chapter, however, gives an admirable account of Graham's main thesis as it applies to France, and his second chapter provides a clear and concise summary of the technical problems of timber and mast supply which Albion dealt with in great detail. These chapters give the setting and pose the problem. The reader might then be well advised to look at the brief concluding chapter where the author outlines his views on the outcome of the drama. But the outcome is less interesting than the plot itself. It is in reading the intervening chapters, where the author is struggling to make sense out of his masses of tortuous, incomplete and often conflicting evidence, that we become aware of the complexity of sea power and of the perplexity of its history.

In the first place we face a puzzle relating to tree quality. The scientific knowledge of tree growth seems to have been deficient, with the result that there was apparently no way of telling in advance of cutting whether timber, particularly masts, would have the requisite qualities of grain, resin content, and resistance to rot. In the search for self-sufficiency in masts France spent enormous sums on developing domestic supplies but the quality was never satisfactory. Earlier experience would somehow be forgotten and the same region might, after glowing reports, be exploited several times. In the Pyrenees, for example, large exploitations were made in the 1670's, the 1760's and again the 1770's, always with unsatisfactory results. On the other hand, what were later shown, by the British to be excellent masting trees in Canada were never exploited in earnest by the French. Professor Bamford recounts the comedy of errors—parsimony, conflicting advice, inexpert preparation, inadequate shipping—that led to the failure to develop the forests of New France. In the face of such inept experimentation, naval inspectors developed a strong "preference for Riga masts that endured to the very end of the *ancien régime*" (p. 136). The prejudice was so strong that even American supplies were rejected after the American revolution. Somehow the French navy managed to avoid the logical conclusion implicit in their knowledge that the British had for long drawn masts from New England and that the masts of British ships were far superior to those of France. And all this in spite of the importance of masts, put very succinctly by a French officer when he wrote, "while the English are covered with sail, we are forced to furl ours in order not to lose our masts. . . . the English, full of confidence in their *mâture*, hoist more sail and run near the coasts at times when we, intimidated by the bad quality of our masts, fear to approach those coasts" (p. 208). In the end major reliance was placed on Baltic masts, delivered in Dutch ships, and bought, as often as not, through English houses in the northern ports!

Puzzles and paradoxes abound. "It was a compliment . . . to French science in naval architecture, that British naval officers so frequently extolled the superior qualities of French-built fighting ships" (p. 48). Yet French cargo ships, until late in the eighteenth century at least, "in the unanimous opinion of technicians, left much to be desired" (p. 164). "French forest law and administration, and French naval priorities, were the envy of British naval administrators" (p. 29), but French shipyards were almost always ill-supplied, and depletion of domestic supplies led to large scale dependence on foreign timber, as well as foreign masts, after the middle of the eighteenth century.

It is no doubt possible to explain many of the puzzles and paradoxes by reference to French preoccupation with the army and land frontiers, and to the enfeebling effects of ineffectual administration on good laws and good intentions.

In the latter connection, though, it must not be forgotten that France had no monopoly on stupidity, prejudice and lack of foresight in naval affairs; Albion's book will correct any such impression. Moreover, France had definite advantages over England in domestic timber supplies and in naval architecture—and had as long a coastline as Britain too. Undoubtedly both success and failure were cumulative. As England strengthened her hold on Baltic supplies she strengthened her hold on Empire. France's position in the Baltic remained weak, and, unable to develop a satisfactory mast supply either at home or in New France, her shipping weakened to the point where she was unable to ensure her supply of naval stores in time of war when they were most needed.

But no simple conclusion is possible. Professor Bamford's book suggests to me—though this is not his conclusion—that naval supremacy in the area of the wooden ship could almost as easily have gone to France as to England.

J. M. Dales.

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NOTE

The author of the accepted poem, "A Line Drawing for Lovers" is requested to send his name and address to the *Canadian Forum*, as these are missing from our records.

October Publication

Democracy in Western Germany

by
RICHARD HISCOCKS

*Professor of Political Science and
International Relations,
University of Manitoba*

Western Germany's remarkable economic recovery under Dr. Adenauer is well known. But of more importance to the rest of the world is her political development and it is this that Dr. Hiscocks surveys here in examining the political parties; the provisional constitution; government and politics at the federal, provincial, and local levels; the civil service; and the trade unions.

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THE GREAT DISILUSION

(Continued from front page)

game is played without delicacy. Contrast this with the earlier subtle though no less effective handling of a more difficult situation by Mr. Thorneycroft. *Noblesse oblige!* Mr. Thorneycroft has been poorly rewarded indeed for his pains by the speed with which the Canadian government has publicly emptied of content serious proposals which he was forced to put forward in self-defence against Canadian cajolery.

The reason for this sorry pass is that the Canadian government fell victim of a fictitious crisis largely of its own creation. The pattern of economic relations between Canada and the rest of the world has been determined by considerations of profitable business operations in an environment as non-discriminatory as Canada could make it and has been largely unchanged for many years. Like the late J. S. McLean, we have tried to buy cheap and sell dear. It is true that certain discriminatory United States policies, such as the wheat give-away program, have put us at a disadvantage. But Canada is clearly in no position to alter these.

It is time to return to a recognition of reality. The moral to be derived from the whole of these unhappy negotiations is that the prerequisites for successful diplomacy are real objectives, power to reach them and willingness to pay the cost.

It is understandable that the Americans should be elated by their small success in economic negotiations with the Canadians in the week in which Russia launched her satellite. It is only usual American braggadocio for Mr. Weeks, the United States Secretary of Commerce, to say, referring to the Canadian delegation: "We fixed them." In fact, they fixed themselves.

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